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## National Lecture

## Faith and Freedom

By His Grace THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

*Dr. Temple broadcast the sixteenth National Lecture on May 30*

NO one has any doubt that civilisation is undergoing profound modification. The fruits of scientific discovery have rendered both possible and necessary a degree of organisation, at least in the economic sphere, of which our grandfathers never dreamt, and which they would have furiously resented. We have found that mass production without plan leads to a situation where what is produced cannot be sold because the would-be purchaser has no produce of his own to exchange for it. His need may be great. If he is unemployed it is very great indeed; but his effective demand is negligible. Some advance in planned economy is a stark necessity, and no one denies this; the only disputes which arise concern the method of the plan and the lengths to which it shall be pushed.

It is not possible at present to plan effectively for mankind as a whole, or even for the totality of civilised mankind. Consequently, it has been inevitable that the need for planning should lead to increased activity in the economic sphere on the part of the National State. Thus the inevitable collectivism of the twentieth century completes from the economic side that development of Nationalism which the Liberal movement of the nineteenth century had fostered on the political side, and to which the War provided an irresistible psychological impetus. It is worth while to look at this convergence of three great forces upon the single result of intensified nationalism; for this constitutes in

great part the distinctive quality of the World of Today, in relation to which we must consider Religious Faith and its significance.

### The Advent of Democracy

The statesmen who met at Vienna after the Napoleonic War did not regard themselves as called upon to pay much attention to national aspirations. We can see as we look back that then, as now, the political machinery of the world was out of date by nearly half-a-century. The American War of Independence was a manifestation of Nationalism; the French Revolution had given to Nationalism an indirect but most powerful impulse; and the rising of Germany against Napoleon had been inspired by Nationalism pure and simple. None the less, it was then possible for statesmen to pay more attention to the legitimist claims of dynasties than to the exigent demands of peoples. At Versailles the balance was reversed; there national self-determination was the dominant principle. What had effected this change?

Chiefly it was the advent of democracy. This naturally diminished, and indeed ended, the consideration of legitimist claims to territory, as if political sovereignty were a form of landlordism. But it had a far more profound effect than this. The proclamation of the sovereignty of the people led undesignedly but inevitably to the question—What people? When the populations on different sides of a frontier were distinguished not only as residents in different administrative areas but as constituents of rival



sovereign communities, a national self-consciousness was bound to arise in each, and this was no less bound to take the form of a consciousness of separation from all others. The abstract logic of democracy may tend towards cosmopolitanism; but the practical working of it had, and was bound to have, the psychological effect of intensifying nationalism. The individualism of the earlier nineteenth century was thus a direct though unwilling cause of the exaggerated nationalist sentiment, the race in competitive armaments, the catastrophe of the World War.

That catastrophe itself had the effect of intensifying two sentiments which are opposed to each other. In reaction from the horrors of war men turned to a deliberate internationalism focussed in the League of Nations. This was the reflective reaction. But side by side with this was an impulsive reaction in the other direction. During the War national self-consciousness was inevitably heightened; and the terms of the Peace Treaty, by perpetuating the distinction between the victorious and the vanquished Powers, gave an added stimulus to this, especially in the nations against whom the Treaties imposed differentiation.

### The New Prominence of the State

The organ of national activity is the State; heightened national self-consciousness inevitably brings a development of State action. When to this cause there is added the stark necessity for corporate planning in the economic sphere, we see how unavoidable in our period of human history is the new prominence of the State.

This has been enhanced by yet another causal current, which also brings to the front a problem which the others leave in the background—the extent of the rightful sovereignty of the State. For with the development of centralisation which the new means of communication have made possible, and the growth of planning which mass-production has made necessary, it has been natural that the State should invade spheres hitherto left to voluntary effort. There is indeed as yet no State direction of scientific discovery or of artistic creation—though in Germany the State has imposed an unscientific ethnology as alone orthodox, and in Russia has established a Holy Inquisition for the extirpation of economic heresy. But in education, in probation and in many other spheres the State now undertakes functions formerly discharged, if at all, by religious and other agencies. In our own country this has as yet produced no direct clash between the civic and the ecclesiastical organisations, though that is lurking in the perennial problem of Church Schools and in the new question concerning the proper background of the system of probation. It is unlikely, however, that our country will altogether escape the influences that are making the twentieth century in some European countries more like the sixteenth or seventeenth than the nineteenth, and it is well to consider how far those influences should be welcomed, and by what means they may be counterbalanced or controlled. If the State becomes an agency directly moulding character, by what principles is it to be guided in this activity, and how far shall it use its immense influence to determine the outlook of the rising generation?

England has a traditional sentiment for liberty. It is both deep and sincere, even when it is unimaginative, as it is in those who join with equal ardour in singing that Britons never shall be slaves and in resisting movements towards the economic emancipation of the largest class of Britons. Bishop Creighton, with his uncanny insight, indicated the most sensitive point in the English love of liberty\*. 'Englishmen', he said, 'have always been more concerned with saying what they would than in being or doing what they would'. This passionate love of free speech, in whatever psychological complication it is grounded, involves practical consequences of the highest importance. First, it involves tolerance of a diversity of opinions; secondly, it secures criticism of the established

order; thirdly, it safeguards freedom of such thought as an Englishman may care to indulge in before he speaks his mind. The first two are of high political value; the last is of priceless spiritual value, for freedom of thought is the essential mark of man as other than a machine or an animal.

### Is Freedom Worth Saving?

But freedom is threatened. We have referred to its eclipse in many European countries. What has there taken political form is a universal tendency of contemporary civilisation. The segregation of social classes from one another, the herding together of like with like, the supply of instruction or entertainment by film and wireless; all these and many other influences make for standardisation of the mind in well-defined types. The individual is less thrown upon his own resources and therefore may be less stimulated to find out what they are. Even where the State does not suppress individual freedom of thought the pressures of modern life tend to squeeze it out. Freedom, our traditional treasure, is threatened. How may it be saved?

Indeed, are we sure that it ought to be saved? For in the European movements which have deliberately obliterated it there is much of fine idealism, against which some claims to liberty look poor and tawdry. Are we sure that we have more admiration for the young man who is set on living his own life in his own way than for the young Communist or the young Nazi who is thankful that he is caught in the sweep of a great movement promising a glorious future for mankind or for his country, and is so saved from the pettiness of personal ambitions or preferences? Some distinctions must be drawn before we can answer that question.

### Liberty Rooted in Selfhood—

There are two possible roots of Liberty; the one is human selfhood, the other is divine sonship. In every human being there is an individuality which is quite unique and demands opportunity to express itself. So far as any political constitution, democratic or other, rests upon a claim to individual rights, it is rooted in this principle. It is a principle to be treated with respect, because it represents great and explosive forces which may wreck a political structure that makes no allowance for them. But it is not a principle entitled to reverence, for it is merely one form of selfishness, possibly innocent, probably noxious, and certainly devoid of virtue. If this principle—freedom rooted in the selfhood of the individual—obtains a complete predominance, the result will be that form of democracy which Plato describes in the eighth book of the *Republic* as the worst but one of all political perversions, the worst of all being the tyrannical State to which it gives birth as the corrective of its own licentious anarchy. Where democracy is successful it is either because the State has the allegiance of a sufficiency of citizens whose love of liberty springs from the other root—divine sonship—or else because political experience has taught its lesson, and individual self-expression is not so emphasised as to render impossible all effective co-operation. History, and not ancient history alone, holds record of democratic constitutions which have failed and have been abolished because in the eagerness of self-expression men refused to make the adjustments necessary for combination. If, for example, the self-assertiveness of men is such that they cannot sink their differences to the extent necessary to the formation of powerful parties, Parliamentary Government is impossible. If, instead of two or three great parties, there is a multitude of groups perpetually forming fresh combinations, it is likely that the Executive will find five out of six of its projects defeated and the State will suffer paralysis; then the taunt is justified that democracy leads to endless talk and no action.

No doubt a long experience may provide a partial cure for this evil, and selfishness combined with wisdom



becomes aware that it can only achieve any portion of its aims so long as it will practise moderation and not challenge the self-interest of everybody else. So, too, whole sections of society may become aware that they can only serve their own interest by ceasing to attend to what divides them in either opinion or ambition, and concentrating all energy on what promotes their common interest even at the cost of some individual sacrifices. Enlightened selfishness makes for a certain measure of co-operation—namely, the co-operation of those whose selfish interests are either identical or supplementary to each other. And we can all see that actual democracies, and other political constitutions designed to protect liberty, rest in large measure on this foundation. It is part of the truth about them, though not the whole, that they rest upon self-assertiveness in individuals or in social classes, and derive their working energy from the self-centred aspirations or ambitions of individuals and classes. This is a true account of our own political structure so far as Conservatism finds its main strength in those who have substantial possessions to conserve, and Socialism in those who have few or none. This is by no means the whole account of the actual Conservative and Socialist parties in our country; each calls also upon a fund of genuine idealism; but it is part of the truth. That is no criticism of the parties or their leaders; it is merely a factor in the situation of which wise men must take note. Idealism itself will always fail if it ignores the psychological facts with which it has to deal. It is perfectly possible to alter human nature, at least in its habits of action, but only by first recognising what in fact those habits are.

#### —and in Divine Sonship

There is, however, another root of liberty; it is the principle of divine sonship. The man who believes himself to be a child of God can never allow that any earthly authority has an absolute claim to his allegiance or loyalty. His first duty is to God, and if it seems to him that this duty requires disobedience to earthly rulers, he will not hesitate. He must obey God rather than man. This duty will be most evident in the specifically religious sphere. The modern State was until lately tolerant in the matter of worship. But it was not always so, and it is not so everywhere today. Historically, the development of liberty, even in its purely political form, has been largely due to the courageous adherents of persecuted sects, who persevered in offering worship according to their consciences until the State desisted from molesting them because it found that it was dealing with forces greater than its own. Thus it came about that Calvinists and Jesuits who had no belief in liberty as a principle were yet its champions in practice because they set a limit to the omni-competence of the State in the right of all men to worship God according to their consciences. It is impossible to exaggerate the debt of freedom to the Protestants of Holland in the sixteenth century, or to the English Nonconformists—both Roman Catholic and Puritan—in the seventeenth.

But though liberty of worship is the first result of the principle of divine sonship it is not the only one. For worship cannot be divorced from life without itself languishing. Special times for worship and gatherings for worship are almost futile unless they are opportunities for concentrated attention upon what gives direction to life and power to follow that direction. But if so, then liberty of worship necessarily involves for a Christian liberty to think and speak and act in such matters as those affecting the treatment of the poor, or peace and war. A liberty to pray that God's will may be done becomes a mockery if it is accompanied by a prohibition to do it. The believer in God, therefore, in claiming liberty to worship God according to his conscience is also claiming liberty to resist the State when either his conscience condemns the action of the State or the State demands of him some action which his conscience condemns.

While religious faith is in this sense and to this extent a principle of possible rebellion, it is never, like human self-centredness, a principle destructive of society itself. If a man claims liberty, not to express himself or promote his own interest, but to serve God, two results will follow; first, he will recognise that all men are entitled to the same respect as regards their personality as himself; and, secondly, he will be more eager to resist the oppression of others than of himself. For in himself he will have the consciousness of a fellowship with God which makes him relatively indifferent to the outrages of others upon him; he will say with the Psalmist, 'I have put my trust in God; I will not fear what man can do unto me'. But when he sees others denied the liberty that belongs of right to the children of God, he cannot presume that they have this consciousness in full measure; and even if they have, it is one thing for a man to acquiesce in the refusal of his own rights and quite another thing for him to acquiesce in refusal of the rights of others. The love of freedom, therefore, which springs from the principle of divine sonship will appear chiefly in demands for the emancipation of others—as in the abolition of slavery—rather than in demands for the concession of fuller freedom to those who make the demands.

More important still is the other point mentioned above, namely, that the principle of divine sonship is a root not only of freedom but also of fellowship. It confers upon the individual an incomparable dignity of status, but in doing so it also commits him to the life of fellowship in the divine family, because he must recognise that every claim which he makes for himself is valid also for all other men in virtue of their humanity. Consequently, though this principle may inspire revolt against an oppressive system of government, it can never inspire any attack upon society itself; it is a principle of union, not of division—not of sectional demand, but of 'joy in widest commonalty spread'.

Up to this point we have been considering the effect of the two types of liberty, grounded as they are in different principles, upon the attitude of the individual to the community. The liberty that is rooted in human selfhood expresses itself in claims made upon the community or in self-assertion against it, while the liberty that is rooted in divine sonship expresses itself in free fellowship and aspiration to service. Mazzini used to urge his followers with passion to see to it that the democracy which they sought to establish was based on duties rather than on rights. The distinction is much the same in effect as that with which we have been concerned, but we have been considering how this manifestly desirable end can be achieved.

We turn now to the other side of the question—the relation of the community as a whole, and of the State as its organ, to the two kinds of liberty. It is evident from what has been said that it is likely to find the self-assertive form of liberty a hindrance to its own effectiveness, whereas it will as a rule be able to welcome the religiously grounded type as an ally. But there are narrow limits to the applicability of these reflections. For the community consists of its members, and unless it allows to them a considerable measure of self-expression it impoverishes its own life, so that even though self-assertive liberty may be a nuisance, it can never be prudent to suppress it more than is necessary in the interests of order; and it is always possible for the State to argue that its restrictive action taken in the interest of order is really a service also to liberty, for the liberty of any one of us to walk down the street is secured by the action of the State in curtailing by deterrent penalties the freedom of our neighbours to assault us as we do so. Consequently we must not infer that the vexation which self-assertive liberty is liable to cause to authority will in fact induce authority to curtail that liberty very seriously.

(Continued on page 977)



# Mesopotamian Art

By HENRY MOORE

*Mr. Henry Moore, the well known sculptor, reviews in this article a recently published book on Mesopotamian Art*

IN the last thirty years or so many factors have worked together to call for a review and a revaluation of past periods of art. Easier means of communication and travel, more scientific and systematic conduction of excavations, the development in photographic reproduction, better arrangement and showing of collections in museums, the breakdown of the complete domination of later decadent Greek art as the only standard of excellence—the interplay of such factors as these, together with the work of the important artists of the last thirty or forty years, in their researches and experiments, has enlarged the field of knowledge, interest and appreciation of the world's past art.

M. Christian Zervos has now produced two of his series of volumes devoted to the great periods of art. His first volume, *L'Art en Grèce*, appeared a few months ago; the second volume, *L'Art de la Mésopotamie\**, has just appeared. Both set a new

of the earlier and greater Sumerian period or else have lumped it together with the later Babylonian and Assyrian work, which (except perhaps for a few isolated pieces) is much inferior. The Sumerian period, as M. Zervos says, cannot be interpreted through the decadent art of the Babylonians and Assyrians, with their materialist and militarist society, their love of the sumptuous and the colossal, their luxurious palaces and temples.

The Sumerians were an agricultural and pastoral people, and they had their poets and perhaps scholars—astronomers



Alabaster figure, twenty-two centimetres high, of a Sumerian woman (c. 3000 B.C.)

standard for books on art, in the selection and quality of the works reproduced and in the size and number (close upon 300) of superb photographs of sculpture.

The present volume covers the period of Mesopotamian art from earliest times up to the time when the Sumerian race was absorbed by the Semites, that is up to the beginning of the Babylonian dynasties. Most scholars and critics writing about Mesopotamian art have either neglected the sculpture



A jasper bird from the province of Uruk (c. 3000 B.C.)

and learned men. Their art dates from the birth of civilisation, so that most of the work reproduced in *L'Art de la Mésopotamie* was made between 5,000 and 4,000 years ago. But it is not necessary to know their history in order to appreciate and respond to these works of art. We need to look at them as sculpture, for once a good piece of sculpture has been produced, even if it was made like the palaeolithic 'Venus' 20,000 years ago, it is real and a part of life, here and now, to those sensitive and open enough to feel and perceive it.

For me, Sumerian sculpture ranks with Early Greek, Etruscan, Ancient Mexican, Fourth and Twelfth Dynasty Egyptian, and Romanesque and Early Gothic sculpture, as the great sculpture of the world. It shows a richness of feeling for life and its wonder and mystery, welded to direct plastic statement born of a real creative urge. It has a bigness and simplicity with no decorative trimmings (which are the sign of decadence, of flagging inspiration). But for me its greatest achievement is found in the free-standing pieces—sculpture in the round, which is fullest sculptural expression—and these have tremendous power and yet sensitiveness. The sculpture of most early periods, even when carved from a block and not from a slab, is not fully realised form, it is relief carving on the surface of the block; but these Sumerian figures have full three-dimensional existence.

And in Sumerian art (as perhaps in all the greatest sculpture and painting) along with the abstract value of form and design, inseparable from it, is a deep human element. See the alabaster figure of a woman which is in the British Museum and reproduced here, with her tiny hands clasped in front of her. It is as though the head and the hands were the two equal focal points of the figure—one cannot look at the head without being conscious also of the held hands. But in almost all Sumerian work the hands have a sensitiveness and significance; even in the very earliest terracotta figures, where each hand seems no more than four scratches, there is a wealth of meaning there.

Except for the impressions from Sumerian seals which are

\* *L'Art de la Mésopotamie*. By Christian Zervos (Editions Cahiers D'Art). Zwemmer. 36s.



all placed at the end, and which are remarkable for their vitality and flicker of life, the reproductions in this book are arranged chronologically, and so one can observe the changes that occur as the period proceeds. From the beginning to the end there is astonishing virility and power. Perhaps the Gudea period (about 2400 B.C.) can be called the peak of Sumerian art. Soon after then it seems to fall quickly, and from bare sculptural statement moves towards decorative and linear stylisation. In many of the earliest works (around 3000 B.C.) there is a richness, a tenderness and fullness. The Gudea period (which 'A Governor of Lagash' beautifully represents) is baldly powerful with a tense, held-in tightness, of conserved energy.

And throughout the whole period, the Sumerian artist shows understanding of the possibilities and limitations of whatever material he uses. Clay, being soft, is modelled, and is worked quickly, and allows a freedom of treatment. So that the terracottas have spontaneity and ease. Stone by its resistance gives to the carvings more hardness, power and precise exactness. And there is a difference between the free-standing sculpture and the reliefs. Their sculpture in the round is still and static, no physical movement or action is attempted, for



Limestone head (3000-2850 B.C.) from the Louvre

in a crowded collection, can easily be overlooked. Another point raised by these small figures seen suddenly enlarged four or five times, is the importance of size in sculpture. These small figures, seen so much bigger, take on an extra importance and impressiveness, and are a proof that size itself has an emotional value. But size alone should not in sculpture become of main importance. There is a limit at which the control of the unity of the parts to the whole becomes physically too difficult—and when the love of size becomes a love of the colossal it results in insensitiveness and vulgarity.



A Governor of Lagash (Gudea period, c. 2400 B.C.)  
This is a detail of the figure reproduced on the cover

one of the essential facts about a block of stone is its weight and immovability. But in their reliefs we find actual movement and action portrayed—for work in relief is akin to drawing, and it is an easy attribute of line to flow and move.

The photographs in *L'Art de la Mésopotamie* are by M. Horacio Coppola, and they cannot be overpraised. As a substitute or as an introduction to the actual sculptures good photographs are very useful. In illustrated books on sculpture the photographs should be the best possible and well reproduced, or the book loses half its value. Most people, I think, respond more easily and quickly to a flat image than to a solid object (this may partly explain why sculpture seems to be a more difficult art to appreciate than painting). I have often noticed that people, after seeing a good photograph of a piece of sculpture which until then they had more or less ignored, find their interest in the original greatly increased.

The real appreciation of sculpture comes from seeing and comprehending it in its full three-dimensional volume, but if a photograph leads people to see the original, then it has been of value.

Some of the photographs in M. Zervos' book are many times larger than the original works. To see a piece one knows to be only 2 or 3 inches high, looking several times its real size comes as a great surprise—but I think it is legitimate to use any means which help to reveal the qualities of the work. A further justification for these enlarged photographs is that they may draw attention to very fine small pieces which, exhibited



Figure in Kuril stone (c. 3000 B.C.) from Tel-el-obeid: British Museum



About one-third of the reproductions in M. Zervos' book are of works in the British Museum, and help us to realise what a wonderful selection of the world's sculpture we have there. It is only recently that the Mesopotamian works have been collected in one room and shown so that they can now be well seen. A central position has been given to the very

fine upper portion of the figure already mentioned, 'A Governor of Lagash', acquired by the Museum two or three years ago. But the effect of this figure has been ruined by the way it has been abominably mounted on a wooden stand which is a kind of reconstruction of the remainder of the figure.

*Among the British Islanders*

## The Native Women

By WINIFRED HOLTBY\*

*The third of the reports broadcast to the Royal Martigraphical Society by a learned visitor from Mars, who is engaged on an earth-tour. This week he has some observations to make on the, to him, surprising characteristics of the women of these Islands*

**L**ADIES and Gentlemen, in my talk this evening I propose to pass on from the rather superficial subjects of my previous lectures, such as the racial taboos of the British Islanders and their habits of dress, and to deal with a more fundamental biological and sociological problem—the Native Women.

During my researches among the Human Race, I have constantly encountered references to the Woman Problem, the Woman Question, the Woman's Movement and the Sex War, which made it clear to me that most female lives were spent in speculation, restlessness or conflict. But I had been told that the culmination of this sociological disturbance would be found in the British Islands, and therefore withheld judgment until I could investigate the native women there in their natural habitat.

Immediately I arrived in London I followed my usual method of verifying the fragmentary details obtained from foreign observers, by study of the documentary evidence supplied in the country itself. Here I was fortunate. Whatever other subject may have been neglected by native commentators upon the British Islanders, their women have at least received adequate attention. Documentary evidence upon their customs consists of scientific sociological works, works of the imagination, novels, plays, and so forth, newspapers, with which are closely associated the advertisements, and lastly films.

Though the style of these may differ widely, their evidence was extraordinarily unanimous; but I must immediately confess that when I came to compare it with my own personal investigations, the conclusions that I reached were quite contradictory. You must bear in mind, then, that the documentary evidence presented by this published material represents what the Islanders apparently think about themselves; opinions entirely different from those which you or I might form about them.

In all these works, then, from scientific treatises to advertisements for complexion soap, it appears that the main preoccupation of the native women is Sex. The men's interests, I read, were concerned with the whole world, with politics, agriculture, the arts, sport and money making. Women were interested primarily in men. I am inclined to conclude that the frequent reports of nervous strain, over-work and other inconveniences of native life, arise from this biological preoccupation of over 50 per cent. of the Islanders (since the females outnumber the males by 2,000,000), which leaves all other activities to be carried out by the unfortunate male minority.

It was only after prolonged study that I was enabled to begin my customary classification of the types of Island women.

According to the films, novels, advertisements and newspaper articles, they are as follows.

First of all: childhood, a period during which health is the important preoccupation. Island mothers are apparently in the habit of calling to comparative strangers in the street: 'Oh, Nurse Johnson, I cannot think why dear little Bluebell is so listless. She never wants to play with her friends, is late for school every morning, and her breath smells most unpleasant'.

Whereupon Nurse Johnson answers, 'Oh, my dear Mrs. Brown, clearly the child is suffering from internal suffocation. What she needs is a dose of Lozanby's Liquid Eliminator'.

If this interesting dialogue forms part of an advertisement, we are then shown a picture of Nurse Johnson publicly administering a dose to the delighted child, and three weeks later a second encounter between the parent and her benefactor, in which the former reports that little Bluebell is now top of her class, captain of the school sports club, and has won the prize for the sweetest breath at the Local Junior Hygiene Class.

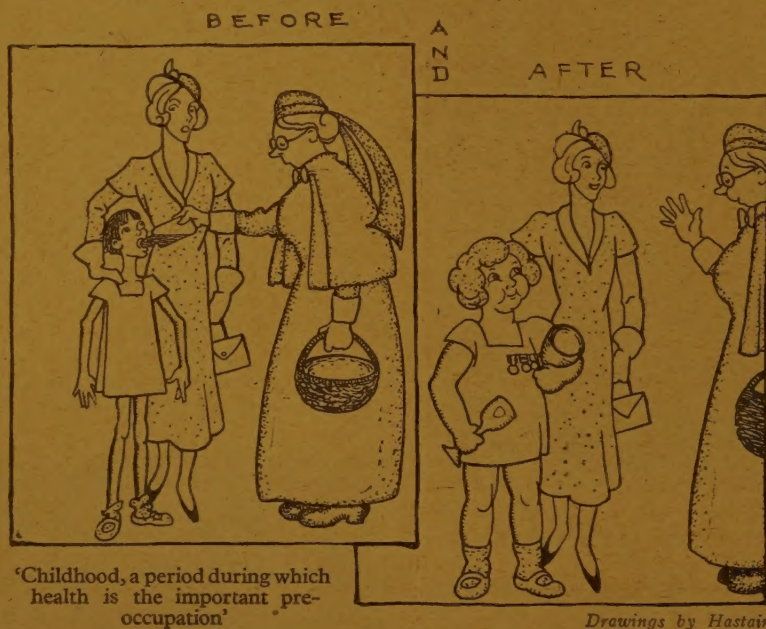
The second state is that of the Brides—those who wish to be, are about to be, or have been Brides. They are all beautiful, and their three

chief preoccupations are the preservation of that beauty, the comfort and happiness of their husbands, or the aristocratic appearance of their houses. But the Brides-to-be are drawn, it appears, from various classes of Girls. Native Girls are subdivided by the Island Authorities into following groups.

There is, first of all, the Modern Girl. She is addicted to extreme frankness of speech, frivolity of taste, the consumption of alcoholic liquors, and the practice of painting the face. The Business Girl, the Office Girl, the Latch-Key and the Pin-Money Girl are synonymous phrases for those Modern Girls who earn their living at some paid employment to disguise their pursuit of the male native who will eventually marry and provide for them. If fortunate, they attract their employer's son, who is temporarily under the disguise of junior clerk.

We come next to the Sports Girl—a remarkable specimen of Amazon, spending her time in swimming, walking, cycling and hitting balls about. Her ultimate objective is the same as that of Modern or Latch-Key Girl.

Unfortunately, however, not all these girls find mates. Another type, frequently mentioned, is the result of this disaster. She is the Frustrated Spinster—a Modern, Office, Latch-Key or Sports Girl, who has failed to secure



Drawings by Hastain





One of 'The Ladies'

suffering from hallucinations, melancholia, or homicidal mania.

Luckily, a certain number of Island Women appear to be saved from this sad fate by Marriage. Once married they become, according to this documentary evidence, June Brides, Perfect Wives, or Little Mothers. These young women apparently enjoy the utmost domestic felicity. They are constantly greeted by home-coming husbands enraptured by the success of culinary experiments, unless by some chance they have omitted to take adequate care of their appearance, in which case the husband too frequently becomes unfaithful and is led away by a Vampire Type.

With luck and care, however, the Perfect Wife may, sooner or later, become an Old-Fashioned Mother—who invariably inhabits a cottage with roses round the door, has silver hair and rejoices in the memories of her babies, and is the most respected type of Island woman.

Beyond these normal categories, I also found frequent allusions to a special sub-type of Island woman known as The Ladies. These are the unfortunate sufferers from a physical disability known as Blue Blood, which renders them unable to perform various ordinary functions of life. Thus, they cannot scrub floors, though they can trudge for miles carrying guns over the Scottish moors. They cannot answer their own front door bell, though they can endure the fatigue of dancing till dawn. They are, therefore, carefully segregated for admirable eugenic reasons which prove the good sense of the Islanders. Intermarriage between Ladies and commoners is strongly deprecated and known as a *mésalliance*. In order to prevent it, the Ladies are kept under a rigid discipline. When young, they are herded in boarding and 'finishing' schools, with the purpose of 'finishing' or destroying any inclinations that they may have to a different way of life. They are then subjected to a certain routine whereby at special times of the year they all flock together either to London, to the Northern moors, or to various continental resorts. Here they are occupied by a ferocious programme of meaningless activities known as Social Obligations, designed to keep them from any interfer-

her mate. There seems some doubt at what stage a Girl passes over into a Spinster, but opinion is unanimous that once spinsterhood is reached the wretched woman immediately becomes unbalanced and embittered, and frequently ends her life in a lunatic asylum

ence with the normal activities of healthy, red-blooded Islanders, and are mated to Male Blue-bloods in order that their disastrous and hereditary weakness should not contaminate the main stock of the Island.

Thus I concluded my preparatory studies of the Islanders' opinion of themselves, and having spent the greater part of my time allotted to the study of the Native Women in thus examining the documentary evidence, I determined to conclude my investigations by a brief tour of the Island to study the types as they exist today. I am extremely glad that I did this, for my direct laboratory experience led to an immediate modification of my academic thesis. I visited cities, villages and suburbs; entered schools for young females, homes and offices, and my researches proved extraordinarily interesting and surprising. For I found no single specimen of perfectly pure type. Thus I met Perfect Wives, who were also Office Girls and Sports Girls. I met a Famous Actress who was a Little Mother. I met elderly female natives who were neither Frustrated Spinsters nor Old-Fashioned Mothers, nor particularly interested in housecleaning technique; they were instead engaged in public organisation, university instruction, the arts and religion. I met unmarried Women outside asylums who showed no detectable symptoms of mental or physical frustration, and who were at large in the community conducting various forms of business, engineering, architecture, and teaching. I ques-

tioned mothers about the health, listlessness or conduct of their children, and found my experience wholly different from Nurse Johnson's. In short, the only Native Females who ran true to type were the Ladies.

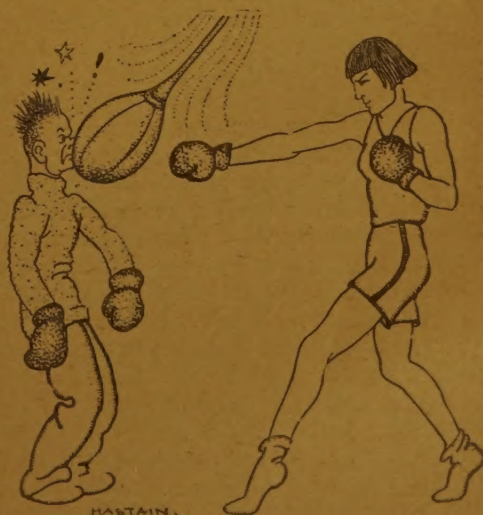
I have therefore reached the conclusion that the British Islanders are passing through that transitional period of decadence always characterised by the dissolution of pure categories. No purity of type remains except in the one species which has been specially protected by taboos and discipline.

Intermarriage, neglect of custom, carelessness and scepticism have broken down those interesting divisions still described in all academic studies, and still upheld as ideal in all advertisements, works of art, and newspapers.

Scientifically, this is a tragedy, and, as an anthropologist, I can only hope that I shall be able during my visit to persuade the Islanders to found an anthropological museum in which to preserve at least a few specimens of each of their most characteristic female types—the Young Bride, the Frustrated Spinster, the Sports Girl and the Old-Fashioned Mother.



The Frustrated Spinster



The Sports Girl—a remarkable Amazon





# The Listener

*All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 18s. 8d.; Overseas and Foreign, £1 1s. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.*

## The Union of South Africa

ONE important part of the British Empire celebrates its own Silver Jubilee in the same month and year as the King. The Union of South Africa began its life in 1910. Each of the four provinces which then came together and made the Union had behind it a long and often stormy history throughout the previous century. The two English provinces, Cape Colony and Natal, the two conquered Boer republics, Transvaal and the Orange Free State, had their own histories and their own special interests, yet all alike decided in favour of a complete Union instead of a loose Federation. The agreement was South Africa's response to the action of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in giving self-government to the Boer colonies five years after they had been conquered and annexed. Now after twenty-five years, when stock is taken, there are no regrets that Union in such full measure was adopted as the guiding principle. It cannot be said that all the hopes that were indulged twenty-five years ago have been fulfilled. The leadership of General Botha, and after him General Smuts, in meeting magnanimity with magnanimity, set a pace in the voluntary acceptance of the imperial connection which proved too fast for many of the back-veld Boers. Nationalism, quickened in South Africa as everywhere else by the War, had yet many demands to make, and British statesmen were called on in the years following the War to recognise to the full the implications of Dominion status. But today that status is fully and thoroughly accepted everywhere. If the assertions, as in the Flag controversy, of the rights of Afrikaners have seemed at times to strain the feelings of the English element, the legacies of the past have all the time been in process of liquidation. When it is remembered that the present generation of men in responsible places was fully grown and actively engaged in the long struggle in the field between 1899

and 1902, the real magnitude of an achievement for which all parties deserve credit can be appreciated.

The Union enters on its Jubilee with its unity strikingly demonstrated in the fusion of the South African and Nationalist parties, a fusion which is the most striking proof that the old quarrels are now matters of history, and that South Africa no longer finds its main pre-occupation in balancing the claims of the two sections of its European population. The racial division has made South Africa a particularly interesting country, a field for constitutional experiment which has given many lessons for the rest of the Empire. The relations between the white population of nearly 2,000,000 and the black population of nearly 6,000,000 still await the healing hand of statesmanship, or, perhaps, of time. Comprehensive and agreed measures, designed to enable the two races to live without friction in the same country, were intended from the first moment of Union, and it was one of the great arguments for the Union that it would make possible a uniform native policy. But between the old Cape practice of admitting the natives to the privileges of citizenship and of voting in so far as individuals could reach the requisite standard, and the Boer policy of keeping an impassable political gulf, no effective compromise has been found. When the War, which delayed the formulation of a policy, had passed, and had led to the Nationalist party triumph in 1924, the older Boer view appeared in the native legislation brought forward by General Hertzog, by which the Cape franchise is to disappear and native political development is to be canalised into separate councils of a deliberative type. The problem is as much economic as political. Where the European population holds 45,000,000 acres, the natives hold only 30,000,000; their wages average £34 a year, while the average European wage is £210, and a million native children have to be educated by the provinces for £600,000 a year. One of the great arguments advanced for the transfer of part, at any rate, of the British Protectorate of Bechuanaland to the Union is that it will make a great deal of land available for the native. The Europeans, who have the small death-rate of nine per thousand, are increasing more rapidly than the natives, and there is a general reluctance to give up European lands, coupled with a desire to raise the standard of living for the native, and thus increase the value of the home market for a country so far away from the markets of the world. Economically the Union, helped by its gold mines, has weathered the depression with remarkable success, and the years since 1910 have seen the doubling of primary production and in particular the development of a large fruit market in the United Kingdom throughout the winter months. In this economic prosperity, and in the emergence among the rising generation of a new way of envisaging the future for white and black, lie the great hopes of the next twenty-five years.

## Week by Week

AT last we are noise-conscious. With these words Lord Horder begins his foreword to the handbook of the Noise Abatement Exhibition, which was opened at the Science Museum, South Kensington, on Friday last, and will remain open until the end of the month. It is possible, as those who sit by open windows on summer days may ruefully suggest, that Lord Horder is going a little too far, for the 'sullen noises of the street' are not, as yet, showing any noticeable signs of diminution, except in the night hours when the Ministry of Transport's ban on hooting comes into operation; but at all events noise-consciousness is gradually coming to play a greater part in our national life. As Sir James Purves-Stewart wrote in *THE LISTENER* last year\*, superfluous or unnecessary noises 'exercise a widespread baneful effect on many members of the community, especially town-dwellers': it is this evil that the Anti-Noise

\* 'Noise and Nerves', January 10, 1934



League, which has organised the present exhibition, is fighting, and the many exhibits show how willingly the manufacturers, designers, engineers and transport managers are co-operating in the struggle. Here the public can see the silencer for pneumatic road-drills, which has captured the general fancy more thoroughly, perhaps, than any other anti-noise device, a demonstration of quiet-running electric motors, different kinds of rubber road blocks, and other devices for reducing noises heard in factories or in the open air; while the demonstration buildings include a silent passenger lift, and several examples of walls and flooring which serve to deaden sound. Undoubtedly the exhibition is one that the public should see in as large numbers as possible, for the full development of noise-consciousness, with its automatic sequel of noise-abatement, will not come until everyone who is at all likely to be concerned with any kind of constructional work has realised how feasible the deadening of sound has now become.

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Those who have served prison sentences often say that a man's real punishment begins when he comes out of prison. He has the greatest difficulty in finding employment and a constant sense of insecurity. In these circumstances the societies which seek to help men on their leaving prison have a very uphill task. Ways in which their task may be lightened are suggested in the report just issued by the Departmental Committee on the Employment of Prisoners. This Committee recommends the erection of a National Council to co-ordinate the work of these societies, a council which should have a larger grant from the Government than is at present made, but which should not otherwise be an official body. With the closing of many prisons and a shifting of the geographical incidence of imprisonment, the areas served by the societies need re-organisation. This report follows an earlier one on the work which prisoners should be put to do while serving their time. In so far as imprisonment is intended to be ameliorative, work is the great agency for the recovery of morale and integrity; but obviously the real test comes after a man has been released, and it is unfortunately only too true that today the scales are weighted heavily against him. He carries a handicap in his record, though this handicap is naturally much less if he can find work to do in which he is his own employer. Selling on commission is the sort of work that a man can hope to obtain where a position of trust would be withheld, but that is not the sort of work for which much training can be given in prison. Prison, on the other hand, provides first-rate opportunities for the acquisition of technical skill, and it is the whole trend of prison administration today so to order things that the men who leave shall find themselves better equipped with services to sell.

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To the layman the report of the conference on medical curricula might seem at first sight rather a formidable document. Much of it is concerned with details of the syllabus: what subjects shall be taught in the first six terms or in the clinical period, how the student shall be examined in pharmacology, and who is to decide what chemistry he learns. But behind these technical adjustments lie certain general principles which are both interesting and important. The extent of medical knowledge has grown enormously in the last half century; but the capacity of the human brain to amass and assimilate information has not increased in proportion. It is no longer possible for one man to compass anything like the whole field. At the same time it is being increasingly realised that the human body is not just a collection of separate bits and functions, but a single organism which is somehow more than (or at least different from) the sum of its parts. Consequently, both the specialist and the general practitioner must begin with a broad understanding of the whole groundwork of medical knowledge and of the sciences upon which medicine is built. The problem for the conference was to discover how the foundations of such an understanding could best be laid in the short five or six years of the medical course. Their proposals aim first at shifting the emphasis in undergraduate training from the memorisation of innumerable facts to the building up of a general scientific outlook on health and disease. They criticise the tendency to separate the various subjects too much into watertight compartments, and recommend

teaching arrangements which will bring them more into relation with one another and with the general problem of health. They also suggest the inclusion in every doctor's training of a course in the elements of medical psychology.

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The interior of 1 Belgrave Square has been transformed by V. Doboujinsky, designer for the Diaghileff and Lithuanian ballets, into an appropriate setting of pale blues, wine colours and brilliant yellows for the exhibition of Russian Art which was opened there yesterday, June 4, by the Duchess of Kent. The exhibition is being held in aid of the old Russian Red Cross, which is affiliated to the British Red Cross, and has been organised by a committee of experts under the chairmanship of Lord Herbert. It contains many of the treasures of Imperial Russia and ranges from early icons down to costumes and designs, by Bakst and others, for the Russian Theatre and Ballet. Exhibits have been collected from all over the world, and a large variety of interests is displayed. There are two rooms for the icons, which date from the early fourteenth century onwards, and some beautiful eighteenth-century glass goblets from the Imperial factory. Some of the finest work of Fabergé, the famous Russian court jeweller, in jade, malachite, onyx and lapis, is to be seen, as well as his jewelled cigarette cases and Easter eggs in enamel studded with diamonds and rubies. The Queen has lent some of these pieces, as well as other objects of art. The exhibition remains open until July 13, and pictures of some of the exhibits will be found on pages 969 and 970.

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When a young actress, who is making her first appearance on a West End stage, achieves fame in a night and a £50,000 film contract in forty-eight hours, it might at first be thought that the occasion is one for general congratulations. But the case of Miss Vivien Leigh, whose debut on the West End stage had such swift results, may also create a certain amount of foreboding in the minds of those who care for the theatre and good acting. What is to happen to the art of acting if promising stage newcomers are to be snapped up by the cinema in this way? As compared with stage acting, cinema acting is a distinctly piecemeal affair, in which short scenes are learnt, rehearsed, acted and finished with before the next part of the story is even approached; and it is open to question whether this kind of performance will ever develop the qualities of a Bernhardt or a Réjane, capable of sustaining a long and exacting part and holding the audience spellbound from rise to fall of curtain. To take two examples from performers who have achieved eminence on both stage and screen, would Charles Laughton and Elisabeth Bergner have reached their present distinction if, at the very outset of their careers, they had devoted half their time to obeying the behests of a film producer? It was not in this way that the great actors and actresses learnt their job. They learnt it by taking long parts night after night, by capturing an audience's attention and never letting it go; they did not learn it by mixing two techniques of acting. Economically, there is no escape from the present position, but it is difficult to avoid the fear that the growth of the cinema will gradually kill the art of great acting.

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## *In the Jubilee Honours List*

### KNIGHT BACHELOR

Noel Ashbridge, Esq., Chief Engineer of the British Broadcasting Corporation since 1929.

### ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER, M.V.O. (Fifth Class)

Gerald Cock, Esq. (dated May 6, 1935), Outside Broadcast Director of the British Broadcasting Corporation, 1926-1935; recently appointed Director of Television.

### O.B.E. Civil Division

Miss Mary Somerville, School Talks Director of the British Broadcasting Corporation since 1925.

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## Foreign Affairs

# Changing Governments in France

By PERCY PHILIP

## I. The First Phase

*Broadcast on May 28*

FOR the second time within nine years France is engaged just now in what is being called a 'Battle to save the Franc'. Last time it happened, the poor little franc emerged from the battle worth only 2d. instead of 10d.: now it looks as if the whole disturbance and distress is going to begin over again.

This time, however, the battle to save the franc has at least begun before it has been lost. This afternoon in the Chamber of Deputies the Government introduced a Bill asking for full powers to take whatever financial and economic measures it may think fit for the improvement of public finance, the recovery of economic activity, the defence of public credit, and the maintenance of the national money. At the same time the Bank of France today raised the discount rate once more—this time to six per cent.; and the rate of advances on bullion to seven per cent.

I am not going to try to give you any long explanation of why the franc should be in danger of losing its value—it has the second biggest gold cover of any money in the world, and until quite recently it looked as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. It is true that the French Budget isn't balanced—but then, the French Budget is very seldom balanced. It was not balanced when it was voted, and no one seemed to consider the fact terribly important.

Then, quite suddenly, on May 13, just after the Municipal Elections—in which, it should be noted, the Communists and Socialists were rather more successful than was expected—there began a withdrawal of gold from the Bank. There is plenty of gold still left, but last week it went out at the rate of about 500 million francs a day: yesterday and today it reached over a thousand millions.

Within a few minutes of the opening of Parliament this afternoon, the Finance Minister, M. Germain-Martin, was at the tribune asking for full powers to meet the situation. Unfortunately the Prime Minister, M. Flandin, could not be there himself: his broken arm has been slow in mending, and his doctors refused to let him make the effort.

From the Press Gallery, up near the roof of the Chamber this afternoon, I watched the attitude of the Deputies closely as M. Germain-Martin was presenting the Government's case, for a great deal can usually be gathered by watching the reaction of the French Parliament in public sitting. There was plenty of evidence of nervousness and political fever; and the President of the French Chamber had to bang his bell repeatedly and peremptorily, even when the Finance Minister was speaking, so as to quell interruptions and get him a hearing. There were some pretty uneasy moments, too, when the Right and Left exchanged personalities, but the Finance Minister's reception was, on the whole, only lukewarm.

The main debate was postponed until the Finance Commission of the Chamber examines the question of what powers the Government wants and what it proposes to do with them.

## II. After M. Flandin's Defeat

*Broadcast on May 31*

THIS IS THE NINTH change of Government since the present Parliament was elected just three years ago. This time everything has gone along smoothly enough and in the midst of a curiously complete indifference on the part of the public.

Yesterday, M. Pierre Flandin was Premier—today M. Fernand Bouisson is nearly Premier. That is almost all that has happened. M. Bouisson, who has been for a good many years President of the Chamber, or Speaker, was sent for in the middle of the night by President Lebrun, and asked to form a Ministry. He promised to try to, and today has been spent in negotiations with various Parliamentary groups. These negotiations have, this evening, ended successfully in

the Socialists refusing and the Radicals accepting his programme and conditions; and M. Bouisson, just an hour ago, informed the President of the Republic that he would definitely form a Ministry. Most probably it will be just the same kind of Ministry as M. Flandin's was. But what is even more curious is that this new Ministry is just going to start where M. Flandin left off, by asking for extended powers to protect the franc, restore the economic situation, and to try to improve peace.

Most probably what the Chamber, at half-past one this morning, refused to M. Flandin, it will, on Tuesday, grant to M. Bouisson. That is how things get done here. At least, the Radical group, by all but twelve votes, decided this afternoon that it would support the demand for full powers—and that assures the Government's majority.

After last night's drama and all the turmoil of the past few days, today has been curiously quiet and orderly. There has been no panic. In fact, everybody begins already to wonder what all the bother was about—and who started the panic—and why.

Yesterday evening, certainly, M. Flandin had to fix the blame on everybody except his own Government, and after making many accusations it seemed to be everybody's fault—except his Government's—that the Treasury was in low water. If it had not been for his broken arm and the dramatic situation it made, there would probably have been some pretty caustic answers to those sweeping accusations.

But there was never any doubt what the result would be, and the pathos and the dramatic appeals and pleas were wasted, because he would not tell the Chamber what he was going to do with the full powers for which he was asking, and because in the past seven months he has not succeeded in winning much confidence or public support by what he has done. He has a great deal of ability, but he has not shown that he has just the right touch.

Whether the change that has been made will do much good is another story. Its aim is to save the franc; but then, it has not been very clear that the franc was in any very great danger. I personally have always thought that, if possible, it should be kept on the gold standard, because the last time it went off it was all rather tragic. But when, last evening, I was charged 10 francs for a portion of green peas in a restaurant, I changed my opinion, and decided that it really was time something was done. For 10 francs is equal to half-a-crown in our money—and half-a-crown for a portion of green peas at the end of May in a middle-class restaurant seems definitely excessive.

The progress of broadcasting in the United States is shown by a pamphlet entitled *New Policies: A Statement to the Public and to Advertising Agencies*, which was issued by the Columbia Broadcasting System last month. 'As radio broadcasting expands its audience and augments its influence', the pamphlet states, 'there devolves upon the broadcaster and the programme sponsor an ever greater responsibility'; and the 'new policies' show how the C.B.S. is meeting this responsibility. An important section deals with children's programmes, and a list of themes that will not be permitted in broadcasts for children is given. Among the themes which are now banned are 'the exalting, as modern heroes, of gangsters, criminals and racketeers'; the glorification or encouragement of 'disrespect for either parental or other proper authority'; and the presentation of cruelty, greed or selfishness 'as worthy motivations'. It is stated that, to ensure the suitability of broadcasts for children, the C.B.S. is engaging the services of an eminent child-psychologist, who will be assisted by an advisory board of qualified members. Advertising policy is also to undergo revision. A strict limitation of the amount of commercial talk in sponsored talks is to be enforced, and the Columbia authorities have decided, 'after serious consideration, to permit no broadcasting for any product which describes graphically or repellantly any internal bodily functions, symptomatic results of internal disturbances, or matters which are generally not considered acceptable topics in social groups'. The pamphlet claims that the new policies of the C.B.S. 'set higher standards than broadcasting has attempted before'.



# Hitler and the Principle of Neutrality

By F. A. VOIGT

Broadcast on May 27

SOME of you may have heard Hitler's speech on the wireless last Tuesday evening, but to hear it once—however attentively—is not enough. I heard it myself, but when I studied the printed German text later on I found many a meaning that had escaped me at first, and many a new significance. The speech has been received very differently in different countries: some commentators have dismissed it as a piece of colossal bluff. Now whatever conclusion we may arrive at, it simply will not do to call it a piece of bluff. A careful perusal of every sentence will show that Hitler is in dead earnest and that his words have a definite political purpose.

The German conception of foreign policy—as expounded by Hitler—is very different from the British. It does not follow from this that there should be hostility between the two Powers. For years after the Great War Great Britain and France had very different conceptions of foreign policy without quarrelling about it. It has taken all these years of mutual adaptation and changing circumstance to establish the harmony in vital national interests that now exists on both sides of the Channel, while still leaving room for friendly disagreement now and again.

## The Collective System—

It has been the declared object of British policy to bring Germany into the collective system. But it is only natural that Germany should have her own ideas about the collective system, and if we ask her to come and meet us, she should ask us to come and meet her, so that there can be some sort of adaptation between her ideas and ours.

The collective system as we and the French conceive it (it is embodied in the League Covenant and in the London Proposals that were made by the French and British Governments in February) means a number of things, and one of them is the abolition of neutrality. All the members of the League are pledged to take combined action against an aggressor. Once a war breaks out between two countries there is no telling whether it will not spread to others—nobody in 1914 really wanted war, but a dispute between Austria and Serbia dragged all of us down to disaster. In the collective system a dispute would be submitted to arbitration or conciliation before it became warlike, and, if it *did* become warlike after all, then *all* the partners in the system would, according to their various abilities and their geographical position, try to stop it. Don't let it begin—and if it begins, then stop it—and if you can't stop it, then don't let it spread. These are the principal aims of the collective system.

## —and its Implications

So you see, if Country A attacks Country B, it doesn't follow that we must all go to war with A. But it does follow that we must all try to do what we can. None of us can remain indifferent or neutral. The countries bordering on the two belligerents would probably have to do most, and might have to intervene with their armed forces. If B were very weak they might have to help her—the collective system implies the protection of the weak against the strong; in fact, without this implication it would be meaningless. The countries further off would work for a speedy settlement, perhaps by refusing to give the aggressor credits or to supply him with arms. In any case, they would be in permanent readiness to moderate and mediate through the League of Nations (which will be all the more necessary, because in actual practice it will rarely be possible to tell with any certainty who the aggressor is—no final, universal definition of the aggressor has been, or ever can be, found).

But there can be no neutrals in the collective system, although an exception might be made in special cases. Certain countries might usefully receive some special form of guaranteed independence which would be the equivalent of a permanently neutral status—countries, I mean, whose indepen-

dence is menaced by some Power and is of vital interest to other Powers. No political system can be absolutely rigid, or be based on unalterable principles.

There must be general adaptability, and the duties to which each partner in a system is pledged must vary according to circumstances. This country, for example, might do no more than mediate or, at the most, exercise a certain pressure in some remote conflict, but in a conflict near at hand, in Western Europe, it might have to combine the defence of the collective system with self-defence. But in neither case could it remain neutral.

Systems more rigid than the collective system as now accepted by the French and British Governments have been worked out—the Geneva Protocol of the year 1924 is an example. The French have, on the whole, been for the rigid systems more than we have, and they have had their good reasons for doing so, just as we have had our good reasons for opposing systems that seemed too rigid. But, generally speaking, the tendency—the healthy tendency, I think, and more realistic—has gone in favour of greater flexibility, indeed, a flexibility as great as is compatible with anything that can be called a general system at all.

Now the German idea is really to go further still—to go beyond the most extreme flexibility and, in fact, to abandon the principle of collective security, while making certain concessions to it in practice. Hitler has, in his speech, put his finger on the essential thing—namely, on the principle of neutrality. If there were a conflict between two States, he says—to quote his own words—'it would probably serve the cause of Peace better if the world at once withdrew from both parties'. We might call the collective system as we conceive it a system of non-neutrality, while the system proposed by Hitler could be called one of universal neutrality. In fact, it would really do away with any general system at all.

## A Doctrine Only for the Strong

It does not follow that Hitler's idea is a bad one, for all systems have their weaknesses, and the lack of system is not always an evil. But Hitler's doctrine cannot be acceptable to the weaker States, for obviously it would tend to leave the weak at the mercy of the strong. In a last analysis it is acceptable only to the strongest single State—and as Germany is well on the way to becoming the strongest single State on the European Continent, the doctrine naturally has a special appeal to Germany; and in this respect she resembles every other Power, including ourselves—we all look at these doctrines and these systems in the light of our national interests; and, after all, why shouldn't we?

But, as I said before, Hitler does not intend to apply his doctrine with absolute rigour. He is willing to come to an arrangement in Western Europe. I think we can perceive an important tendency in his speech; he is willing to accept things as they are in the West, indeed, to contribute towards keeping them as they are (Hitler's renewed acceptance of Locarno, though not without reservations, is one sign of this), but he wishes to leave certain possibilities of chance open in the East and the South-East. In Eastern and South-Eastern Europe Germany has possibilities of power and influence and, perhaps, even of expansion—not necessarily by war, but by union with German-speaking peoples beyond her present frontier—in Austria, for example. These peoples come within what Hitler in his speech calls 'Germany's *Ideengrenzen*'—that is to say, Germany's ideal frontiers which lie beyond her actual political frontiers. But to make these ideal frontiers as real as is safely possible, is one of the principal aims of Germany's foreign policy. Such eventualities are, of course, accompanied by dangers, including the danger of armed conflicts and the disruption of weaker States; but to avert these dangers is one of the objects of the collective system as embodied in the Covenant and in the London Proposals, and it is not surprising that



almost all the weaker States see there is safety in the collective system.

You will probably be familiar with the suggestions Hitler made for limiting armaments and restricting certain forms of warfare. Such proposals have been made before by various Governments—the British Government, for example, has repeatedly proposed the abolition of the submarine; and Hitler's proposal for what is known as 'moral disarmament' (that is to say, the abolition of poisonous and defamatory propaganda) was made by Poland at Geneva in 1932. Attempts to carry out these proposals have not been very successful so far, for while you can get each Power to agree to something, you can rarely get all the Powers to agree to the same thing. Still, it may be possible to reconsider some of these proposals afresh. It will certainly not do to dismiss them as bluff—Germany needs a limitation of armaments just as we all do, and for special reasons which I shall indicate later.

### Acceptance of the Western Air Pact

But there is one item in Hitler's speech that is of immediate practical importance—I mean that he accepts the suggested Western Air Pact. This Air Pact was originally one of the London Proposals. The French and British Governments meant to negotiate the Pact as part of a general settlement which would also give Germany the equality she has been demanding for so long, and bring her back to the collective system and to the League of Nations. Now Germany took this equality for herself, and she is now expounding a doctrine which will not fit into the principles of the Covenant and does not go with membership of the League. The general settlement which the London Proposals were meant to bring about, therefore, seems a long way off. But the Western Air Pact, accompanied by an agreement for limiting aerial armaments, does not seem impossible. (No doubt you will remember that the purpose of this Pact was to supplement the Locarno Agreement by a pledge, taken by Great Britain, France and Italy, that if one attacked another in the air, then the third should at once go to the defence of the Power attacked.)

### Freedom

## Equality and Relativity of Freedom

By ERWIN SCHRÖDINGER

LET me first introduce myself, for I dare say not a dozen out of the ten millions of listeners know me. I am an Austrian, aged forty-eight, my mother-tongue is German. My mother's mother was English and so I may boast of one quarter of English descent. I am a scientist, more especially a theoretical physicist, and my chief occupation is to sit at my writing-table and think about Laws of Nature which are the same in England, in Germany and on the moon, which remain unaltered by war and politics and which we believe to be and to have been the same a thousand millions of years ago, here and on distant stars from which the light travels millions of years to reach our planet. Such an occupation is likely to lessen a man's interest in the comparatively quick changes in human life and human conventions. Sir Ernest Benn has said that some of the people who will talk do not impress him as authorities on the subject. If in saying this he happened to mean, among others, me, I should not wonder, and I would not object to it. Anyhow, I beg to state that my acquaintance with politics of this or any other country is as feeble as my interest in them. Should anything I say seem to fit in with the slogans of this party or that one, I beg you to take it for what it is, a casual coincidence, nothing more.

I choose these personal remarks as a starting point for entering upon my task, which is to tell you my views on freedom in general and any special observations concerning the distinctive contribution of the British spirit to the idea and practice of freedom.

Nowadays most people in most countries consider an attitude of indifference towards the problems which interest them most, to be as little or even less forgivable than the enthusiastic support of a party opposite to their own. Indeed

We must be careful not to under-rate the difficulty and over-rate the importance of limitation. Let us suppose that A and B wish to avoid a race in armaments, and agree to have the same number of first-line aeroplanes. But suppose that A were an industrial country and could replace her destroyed or damaged aeroplanes at twice the speed of B. There would, it is true, be numerical equality between the two Powers; but the actual fighting strength of A would be enormously superior.

At the same time, an agreement in Western Europe might have considerable value, especially if it could be extended to other than first-line planes and to civil aviation. The problem of peace and war would not be solved, not even in Western Europe, but there would be an easing of the strain, and expenditure on armaments might be kept within reasonable limits. Germany is no less interested than this country or France in keeping down expenses, all the more so, as the prodigious effort she has made to rearm during the last two years has meant such a financial burden on her people that she is compelled to slow down the pace of her rearmament so as to avoid a severe financial crisis—in fact, she has come near to exhausting herself by her effort.

Let me try to sum up the situation created by Hitler's speech in a few words. The diplomatic action begun by the French and British Governments when they made the London Proposals has not yet secured a general settlement, which can hardly come about until Germany is a member of the League once more, but while the situation in Eastern and Central Europe remains very uncertain, there is some chance that the peace of Western Europe may be strengthened. Germany cannot keep up a race in armaments with the other Great Powers. She is therefore interested—as we all are—in limitations that will stop the race or, at least, make it slower. But as the Ambassador of a Great Power said the other day, 'Peace is one and indivisible'—and we cannot be satisfied as long as the situation in Eastern and Central Europe remains so uncertain. Perhaps we can hope that the coming discussions between Italy and the Danubian Powers will greatly help to strengthen peace in those regions of Europe as well.

they take it for the same view, but expressed by a coward who does not dare to disclose his opposition and pretends neutrality. The challenge to join a platform prevails everywhere, even with the Austrians, who are so unwilling to take anything seriously. England is one of the few countries, perhaps the only one of the big and mighty nations, who has preserved her tolerance towards a man having his peculiar ideas on God and His world and not chiming in with the slogans of any group or party.

### Why We Talk About the Weather

Mind, this is not a question of legal right, but of social convention and good behaviour. When you first come to this country you have the impression that life is more strongly tied up here by all sorts of unwritten laws telling you to conform to what other people think right, than anywhere else on the globe. After you have lived here for a time you notice that the constraints after all mainly relate to the use of dinner-jackets and tails or similar things, and that some of the more significant ones serve to protect the individual against objectionable intrusion into his privacy. It is considered bad taste in this country to drag your neighbour into a conversation on politics or religion, on philosophy or sexual problems, before you are quite sure that you really are the person with whom he wishes to discuss that sort of thing. True, that inflicts a certain stiffness and formality on conversation, exposing it sometimes to ridicule by frequent recourse to the safely inoffensive subject-matter of weather as a neutral padding. Yet you esteem the merits of this custom if you have ever entered a circle where there is an unwritten law to start fathoming every newcomer to the depths of his soul with respect to



right or left wing, fighting or supporting the Government, pro-Jews or contra-Jews, in favour or not of free love, religious or anti-religious, etc., etc.

It is true that among the possible answers to these questions there are some, which in most circles of this country are 'impossible'. You are tacitly assumed to abhor adultery (even by those who commit it), not to be in favour of free love and even, as a rule, not to be anti-religious. But the possibility of the contrary is acknowledged at least in so far as you are not asked about these things if you do not wish to be. And if you feel strongly inclined to disclose your views, you are free to go to Hyde Park and tell the gathering folks all about it, without a policeman interfering. Generally speaking I consider the British spirit to be distinguished by a deep reluctance to intrude unnecessarily into a man's privacy, by a great respect towards the single personality, and by a complete understanding that it may be a valuable one in spite of—or even because of—its being an individual phenomenon, deviating strongly or even quaintly from all the others.

Among several other points worth mentioning there is one of particular importance, to which you yourself hardly pay attention, taking it as for granted as the air you breathe. I mean the independence, the sacrosanctity, of *justice* in this country. Tyranny seems to form the lower extremity in the long scale of political freedom. Yet a dictator's will supplanting the will of the people in *creating* laws is not the gravest possible infliction upon freedom. What I consider worse are administrative decisions supplanting or influencing the court of justice in *applying* law to the individual. Frederick the Great was a tyrant in the political sense. But we are told that the King of Prussia boasted of having lost his case against the owner of a windmill, which disturbed the King's peace in Sans-Souci. True or not, the windmill is preserved and shown to visitors. Might it serve to all who see it as a symbol of the most fundamental condition of freedom, which once it has been achieved should nevermore be exposed to the slightest interference.

### Do You Really Want Your Neighbour to be Free?

Proceeding to considerations of a more general kind, let us ask: why is it almost impossible to give a precise definition of freedom? Well, because the freedom of the individual finds its natural and, in my opinion, its only legitimate limitation in the equal freedom of the other individuals. And this truism leads to the odd consequence that any order whatever, which is established in a community, has equal claim to the title of freedom, provided the primary equality of all individuals is safeguarded. Indeed if you enhance the liberty of the individual in a definite direction, you diminish it at the same time in that everybody has to put up with his neighbour making use of the same liberty. And inversely, of course, every restraint is on the other hand an increase of freedom. Which of the two outweighs the other, cannot be decided on general principles. The difficulty consists in settling whether it is easier for the one to forego a certain liberty, or for the other to endure its practice. To quote an odd example, have you ever been to a country where the liberty of the individual includes spitting almost wherever and whenever he chooses, on the footpath, in trams, buses and coffee-houses, with a narrow exception of drawing-rooms and churches? If so, I doubt if you enjoyed the enhanced freedom as compared with the United Kingdom! I rather think you deplored the denial of your claim to fairly satisfactory hygienic conditions.

Such cases seem clear—to us. But, generally speaking, every case is open to discussion. One man will call a capricious whim what to the other appears an indispensable necessity. You can, of course, let the majority decide what to *do*. But whether it brings you nearer to freedom or further away from it, this theoretical question cannot be decided by majority. Our feelings towards freedom depend on tradition, habit, taste, prejudices, special conditions of life, inherited physical and mental constitution . . . and what not. I would call this *the relativity of freedom*.

None of you would welcome a return to the state of affairs which outlawed the animals, leaving their treatment to every man's discretion. I am told that in this country a bull-fight is not even allowed on the screen. In Spain fighting the bull was formerly the privilege of nobility; it has remained a traditionally sacred affair. Would you blame this people for it? I once tried to do so, after having bluntly refused to watch a fight.

I then was thoroughly convinced by educated and intelligent Spaniards that a bull-fight, though it was a much more conspicuous atrocity, did not compare in cruelty and torture of the animal in question with hunting on horseback, which is sacred by tradition in this and other countries. I shall omit the details; please think about them.

What atrociousness can retain the name of sacred right under the influence of tradition and prejudice is seen from the so-called vendetta or murderous revenge. In the countries where it reigns, the inhabitants are not willing to part with their duty and right to revenge the death of a father or brother or son by killing his murderer, or if he be dead or fugitive, one of the near relatives of the murderer. Horrified as we are by terrible family feuds going on for ages, we cannot help recognising a certain amount of genuinely noble feeling at the back of this dire custom. Similar traces are not quite absent in our cultured society. I will not speak of duelling, which approaches its due fate of being universally condemned. What I should like to speak of is another case, in which the individual, this time a female, in order to avoid contempt and rejection by all the 'respectable people', is compelled to commit an action, which is threatened by the law of most countries with penal servitude. Most of you will know what I mean.

### An Unsound Test of Legislation

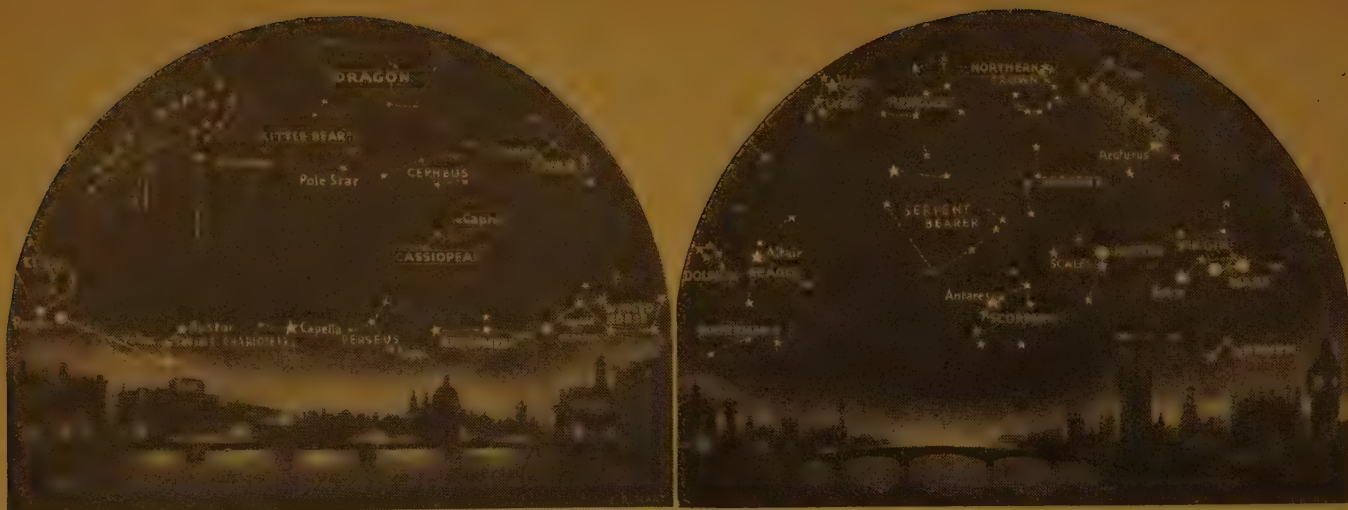
May I be allowed to summarise the practical rules which follow from the 'relativistic' view on freedom? The first is that a proposed change in legislation, regulation, or social order and convention ought never to be called liberal or anti-liberal merely on account of its enhancing or restricting the freedom of the individual. For if this test were correct, the most liberal arrangement would be to allow everybody to do everything. The question is to find out whether freedom is more severely violated if the action or behaviour, which it is proposed to suppress—say, to fix the idea, blowing the horn of your motor-car in the street at night—has to be foregone by those who wish to practise it; or if those whom the action annoys have to endure it. The situation is similar to that in a lawsuit. The decision is comparatively simple, when both damages claimed are of the material and palpable kind, as in the example just quoted: disturbance of sleep on the one side, on the other side increased danger of accidents, or rather, obligation to drive slower in order to avoid them. Most difficult to decide, yet extremely frequent, are the cases when one of the damages claimed is a fictitious one, the fiction being so deeply rooted and so widely spread that it is difficult to recognise it as such. The revenge-murderer, in our opinion, would not suffer the least damage, if he soothed his atrocious conscience and refused to obey its commands. In his *own* opinion the damage is evidently intolerable, else he would not brave the danger of being caught and put to death by the arm of justice.

You all know that there have been communities who felt aggravated at persons who did not *think* and *believe* the same as everybody was supposed to think and to believe. You know that gallows and stake, sword and cannons have served to free respectable people of such annoyance, usually in the name of the Almighty God.

The general rule suggests itself, that whenever a real claim competes with a fictitious one, the latter should be dismissed, giving way to the former in the name of freedom. It is easy to apply this rule to gross cases of the kind just alluded to, which seem to be far remote from the problems of our days. But if you take them as representative of their kind they are not. There is a strong tendency nowadays towards the suppression of free thought, or at least of its utterance. Only the patronage has changed, religion and God having been replaced by other symbols, equally venerable in themselves, but equally unfit to justify suppression of the mind. Fortunately most people in this country disapprove of such tendencies. But apart from these quite a few instances could be quoted of our civilised and liberal society either legally disallowing or, more often, socially outlawing actions which would not violate anything but some dear old prejudices and superstition.

Some of them are difficult to detect and to decide, for we are all involved in prejudice and superstition. But this point of view seems to me one of the most efficient means of accelerating our approach and avoiding relapses on our way to the ideal of human freedom.





The June sky, looking north and south (from Westminster Bridge, London) shortly after midnight at the beginning of this month and at 10.30 p.m. (summer time) at the end of the month. As shown in the diagrams, Mars and Venus change their positions considerably during the month, but the position of Jupiter scarcely varies at all

Messrs. Hutchinson

## The Sky at Night

# June Planets and Stars

By R. L. WATERFIELD

**D**URING June the nights are very short and, since even at midnight there is still a little twilight, they are not very dark. I shall therefore confine my remarks to the half-dozen most conspicuous objects which you can see without difficulty despite the brightness of the sky.

The six brightest objects in the heavens now are the three planets Venus, Jupiter and Mars, and the three fixed stars, Vega, Arcturus and Antares. Venus is by far the brightest of them all, shining above the sunset in the north-west; Jupiter is an easy second, low down in the south; and Mars in the south-west, although a good deal fainter, is conspicuous with his ruddy colour. Vega is the brightest of the fixed stars and is to be seen fairly high in the east. Arcturus, almost as bright, is high overhead in the south. Finally Antares in the south-east is very low down and away to the left of Jupiter.

The difference in colour of these objects is very striking: the whiteness of Venus and almost bluish whiteness of Vega, the yellow colour of Arcturus and Jupiter, and the red colour of Mars and more especially of Antares. It is worth noticing again how the three planets shine with a perfectly steady light, whereas the three stars, in common with all other fixed stars, twinkle obviously. The Evening Star, Venus, is now getting extraordinarily brilliant; and if you stand near a white wall she will throw quite a definite shadow of you upon it. One of the reasons why she is so bright is that her atmosphere is dense with white clouds which reflect the sunlight almost as dazzlingly as if she were a gigantic snowball. Another reason is that, with the exception of the moon, Venus is our nearest neighbour in space.

Venus revolves round the sun in a circular path lying inside our own path round the sun. Last winter she was hidden from view more or less behind the sun. During the last few months you have been able to watch her gradually creeping out on the left of the sunset, while at the same time she has been sweeping round her circular track ever closer and closer to us. At the end of June she reaches her greatest distance to the left of the sunset and thereafter begins closing in on it again; but then she will be travelling in along the near side of her path, much closer to us, coming between us and the sun. So you see she will still go on getting brighter.

It is odd that we know so very little about Venus; the truth is her clouds are so thick that we never see through to her surface. Nevertheless, the telescope shows something that is very interesting: for Venus goes through a cycle of phases exactly like the moon. This celestial snowball, being a planet, has no light of its own, so only the side of it on which the sun is shining looks bright. When, as at present, she is on the further side of the sun, she turns her bright side more or less towards us and looks like the moon approaching the full. But

when she is on the nearer side of the sun, as she will be after the end of June, she turns more of her dark side than her bright side towards us, and appears as a crescent moon. You would hardly be able to see her shape at the moment without a small telescope; but, when in July and August she is getting close, you will be able to see her delicate silvery crescent easily with a pair of field-glasses.

You would probably like to know what has been happening to Mars since he was nearest us in April. You can see at once from the way he has faded how rapidly he has retreated from us. In spite of really atrocious weather, we managed to do quite a lot of useful work on the planet; but probably the only point of general interest was the extraordinary number of clouds seen in the planet's atmosphere. Apparently Mars, like ourselves, experienced an exceptionally cloudy season. Mars is now beginning to get so far away that I do not expect we shall be able to do much more about him until he returns again in 1937.

From our point of view the most interesting object this month is the planet Jupiter. Few people seem to realise that with an ordinary pair of field-glasses they can easily make out the four large moons of Jupiter and watch them from night to night as they revolve around him. This ever-changing spectacle is quite fascinating and within reach of anyone. The essential point is to hold your field-glasses perfectly steadily against a tree, a wall or a window frame; and of course it is utterly futile to try to look at them through a glass window. You will see them, as Galileo first saw them 325 years ago, four tiny points of light almost in a straight line on either side of the planet. The innermost one goes round him in two days, the outermost one in seventeen days; so their positions change from night to night: sometimes they lie on either side of him, sometimes all are on one side, and sometimes one or more is hidden behind him or in front of him.

In 1610, when Galileo first directed the telescope on the heavens and discovered these moons, Copernicus had only recently propounded his great theory that the earth, instead of being the centre of the universe as everyone had thought, was nothing more than an ordinary planet revolving round the sun. Yet the theory had not been received without dispute, and in particular the teachings of the Church were bitterly opposed to it. When, however, Galileo announced his discovery of Jupiter's moons, and showed that they revolved around Jupiter just as on Copernicus' theory the planets revolved round the sun, all doubt as to the truth of the new theory was removed. Doubtless you know the sad ending of this tale: how Galileo was rewarded for what was probably the most far-reaching single discovery in the history of science



by being tried by the Inquisition and condemned to renounce his scientific beliefs and live the remaining years of his life in solitude.

Jupiter in the telescope is a most beautiful sight: his large, round, golden disc girdled around by dusky belts, showing the most intricate structure and delicate colouring. They look for all the world like those distant strips of cloud sometimes seen on the horizon after sunset, coloured as though on fire and with outlines sharply cut against the sky. In fact, these belts actually are clouds in the Jovian atmospheres; and by studying their rapid changes and movements astronomers are learning a great deal about the complicated currents in that atmosphere. It is likely that these investigations will ultimately help towards a better understanding of our own atmosphere, and in that thankless task, the problem of weather-forecasting. The analysis of the sunlight reflected from Jupiter's clouds shows the presence there of two very obnoxious gases: ammonia which makes our eyes water, and marsh gas which is most often the cause of those disastrous explosions in coal mines. This, coupled with the extremely low temperature found on Jupiter—some 200 degrees of frost—excludes, I think you will agree, the possibility of this planet being capable of supporting life. Jupiter is much the largest of all the planets; in fact, he is bigger than all the other eight rolled into one. And yet although he is 88,000 miles in diameter he is quite insignificant in comparison with the sun round which he revolves; for the sun has a diameter of close on a million miles.

Some months ago I told you that the sun was really simply a star—in fact, a star rather below the average in size, only, of course, immensely nearer to us. Now I want to tell you rather a remarkable story which has a reference to that extremely red star Antares low down and away over to the left of Jupiter. The fixed stars are so incredibly remote that even the largest telescopes are quite incapable of magnifying them. A telescope shows a planet as an object of definite size, but a star merely as a point of light. If you cannot even see any size to a star how on earth can you hope to measure its size? Yet it can be done. In July, 1920, a twenty-foot steel girder was placed across the

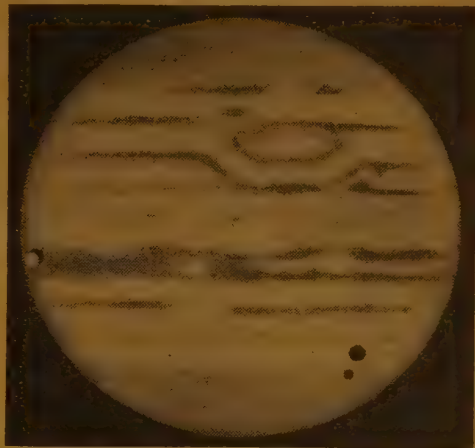
these fringes disappear. The particular separation of the mirrors at which the fringes disappear gives a measure of the apparent size of the star: the bigger a star looks—or, rather, would look if one could see any size to it at all—the nearer together are the mirrors when the fringes disappear. The apparent size of an object clearly depends on its real size and on its distance. So a measurement of apparent size does not give you the size in miles, it merely tells you that an object looks as large as, for example, a shilling at a distance of ten, twenty, thirty miles or whatever it may be. But if you already know the distance of the object a simple calculation will then give you its size in miles.

This measurement of a star's apparent size is perhaps one of the most delicate ever attempted in astronomy. It took six months' hard work to get the mirrors adjusted with the

necessary accuracy; and at first it often took several nights to bring the fringes into view, let alone anything else. But at last success came. On December 12, 1920, the mirrors were correctly adjusted at 10-foot separation and fringes were seen on various stars examined. The telescope was then set on that red star in Orion called Betelgeuse, and, wonder of wonders, the fringes had gone. The experiment had come off at last; but the extraordinary thing was that Betelgeuse was known to be a very remote star, so the disappearance of the fringes at only 10-foot separation meant that it must be almost unbelievably large. At this point, we are told, the excitement was so great that the astronomers broke off for cocoa. The disappearance of the fringes at 10-foot separation showed that Betelgeuse looked as big as a shilling fifty miles away. But the distance of Betelgeuse was a thousand million million miles; and this, as the quick calculation made during the cocoa showed, gave Betelgeuse twenty-seven million times the volume of the sun. Since then a few other stars have been measured in the same way, and of these the largest of all is this red star Antares that is now visible. His bulk comes out ninety million times the bulk of the sun.

But although the immensity of this and other red stars may impress you, it is to me far more impressive as an almost incredible feat in engineering and experimental physics. Remember that this exquisitely delicate experiment was performed, not under those ideal conditions found in a laboratory built on solid rock and isolated from changes of temperature, but practically in the open air and with an apparatus carried some thirty feet above the floor on a continually moving telescope. I should add that the moving parts of this telescope alone weigh 100 tons.

The practical idealism of H.E. Señor Don Salvador de Madariaga's Richard Cobden Lecture on *The Price of Peace* was shown in the brief reports which appeared in the Press. The lecture has now been published in pamphlet form (Cobden-Sanderson, 1s.), and it provides in a short space a valuable conspectus of the present position of the League of Nations and the hope for world peace.



Jupiter, showing the cloud belts and the elliptical 'Red Spot'. Two moons, one bright and one dusky, are crossing the planet with their black shadows cast upon him—one of which is partly eclipsed by a moon  
Rev. T. E. R. Phillips



The twenty-foot girder, carrying movable mirrors, across the mouth of the largest telescope in the world on Mount Wilson, California: used for measuring the diameter of stars

mouth of the 100-inch telescope at Mount Wilson Observatory, California—the largest telescope in the world. The girder carried two mirrors that could be moved inwards and outwards along the girder and so arranged as to collect separately light from a star and send it into the mouth of the telescope. Now it can be shown as a straightforward problem in optics that, when two beams of light are collected from a star in this way and viewed in a telescope, a pattern of alternate bright and dark fringes can be seen; and, further, as the mirrors are gradually moved away from each other there comes a point when



*Danubian Clues to European Peace*

# The Economic Legacy of the Peace Treaties

By SIR ARTHUR SALTER

**M**Y task here is to talk of the economics of the Danubian story; to describe the conditions under which the ordinary man has been earning his living—or failing to earn it. To a large extent I shall be showing how, in the new European settlement, economic considerations were made subordinate to political ones, and the price that has to be paid when this is done. For such a theme the title 'The Economic Legacy of the Peace Treaties' is an appropriate one.

But, if I am to avoid misleading you, I must at once say two things. The first is that many of the troubles from which these countries have been suffering cannot be fairly ascribed to the settlement defined in the peace settlement. The second is that, so far as the settlement was responsible, the fault was only in part that of the negotiators of the Peace Treaties of St. Germain and Trianon in the latter part of 1919.

The fact is that the main lines of the settlement were already decided before the treaty-makers began their work. The Treaties did not break up the old Empire into new units; they recognised a break-up that had already taken place. In broad outline—though there are exceptions—the peoples themselves had already expressed their wish by revolution, and the Treaties merely recognised and endorsed what they had done.

Altogether, the old Empire was split into no less than seven fragments. One of these, Czechoslovakia, consisting mainly of the old Province of Bohemia, became an entirely new State; one, the large, rich oil-producing province of Galicia, became part of the newly restored Poland, which had been partitioned in the eighteenth century between Germany, Russia and Austria, and was now rebuilt from cessions from these three countries; a third large slice was taken from Austria and added to Serbia, forming a part of what is now called Yugoslavia; another large area (Transylvania) was taken from Hungary and added to Rumania; other territories, the Southern Tyrol with Trieste, Istria and Fiume, were transferred to Italy. There remained a little Austria, with only a quarter of its former territory and population, and a little Hungary with almost a third.

## The Old Empire—

What were, and what are now, the main conditions under which men earned their living in these lands? We must first have a clear picture of what the old Empire was, from this point of view, before it was divided. It was politically, of course, a union of two units, Austria and Hungary, under a single Emperor. But economically it was for all practical purposes a single country. When I say this, what I mean is, that throughout the whole of the Empire, with its many races, its varied resources, and its population of some sixty millions, there was first a single and stable currency, equally valid everywhere; and secondly, and even more important, there was complete free trade throughout the whole area, as there is between all the United States of America or between England, Scotland and Wales.

Moreover, this single free-trade area—comprised within a single customs regime—was not only rich; it was exceptionally well-balanced in its natural resources and varied aptitudes. Its industry and agriculture supplied each other with markets and commodities, and the area as a whole was to an exceptional extent self-sufficient. The fertile lands of Hungary supplied not only her own population but the industrial districts of Austria. The textile factories of Bohemia, the iron and steel works of Styria, found a secure free market for most of their products in other parts of the single customs regime. Industry found most of its fuel and raw materials, coal and iron and timber, at home, without having to import from abroad.

This does not, of course, mean that there was no foreign trade. It was profitable to Austria-Hungary, as it is to even the most self-sufficient countries, such as the U.S.A., to sell and buy abroad. Money was earned, for example, by exports of furniture and leather goods, by the profits of tourist expenditure, and above all, by the great financial system of Vienna,

which was the banker of the whole of South-Eastern Europe. And these earnings served to pay for substantial imports of textile and woollen goods, of machinery, of tobacco, hides and leather and so on, which served to raise the general standard of living to a higher level than would otherwise have been possible. None the less, in spite of these benefits of foreign trade, it was a substantial advantage to be to so large an extent independent of resources from outside, and therefore of the consequences of tariffs and of economical policy in other countries.

Now, when you have a regime of what seems like secure free trade over any area, one result always follows. The whole pattern of the economic structure of the different parts of that area is determined by that fact. Every region concentrates on the kind of production for which its local resources and special aptitudes best fit it, in the confident hope that it will always be able to sell to other regions within the area all that it makes itself, and obtain from them all that it doesn't make. So all over the area there was a specialisation of function, based on the natural advantages of each district. There was iron ore in Austrian Styria, and so large industries using minerals as their raw material were placed there—much larger than could hope to find an outlet for their products in Styria or in Austria alone. There were large coalfields in Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia, and, with the advantage of cheap fuel, these regions were also highly industrialised. Hungary, whose principal natural resource was in her rich grain lands, became predominantly, though not exclusively, agricultural. Lastly, Vienna was ideally placed for the development of a financial system, and it became the banker not only of the whole Empire but, with that as a basis, for adjacent countries also. The railway system was, of course, planned to correspond with this distribution of trade and population. It was internal free trade that determined the main pattern of the country's life.

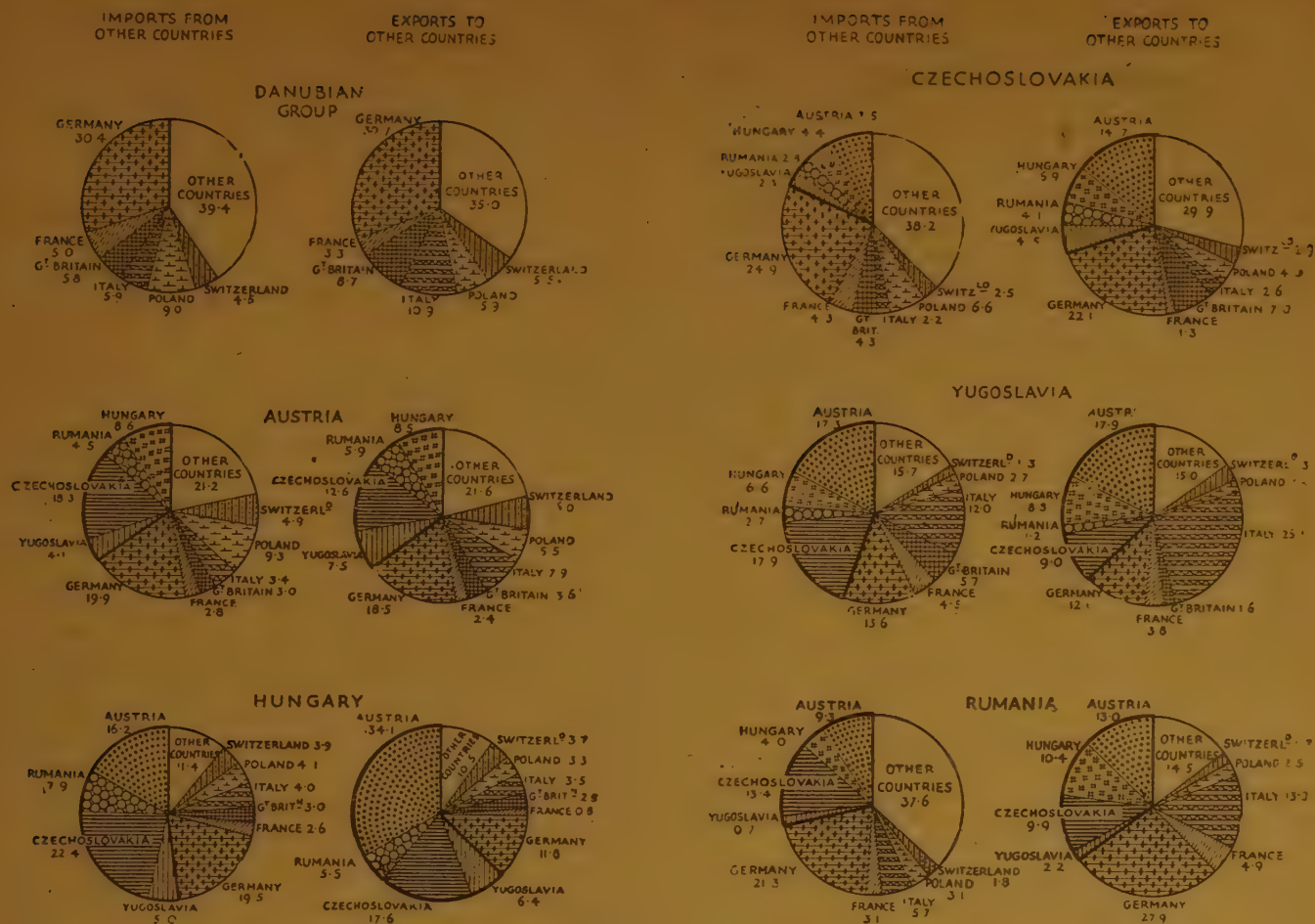
## —Split into Seven Fragments

Now let us see what happened, what necessarily happened, when this vast and economically fortunate entity was suddenly split into seven fragments.

We must look a little more closely at some of these fragments. Time does not allow me to deal very fully with them. I will not therefore now attempt to describe the fate of the large regions transferred to other States, of Galicia, with its oil-fields, which became part of the new Poland; of the grain-lands of Transylvania which went to Rumania; of the Adriatic lands of Croatia, Dalmatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina, which now form part of Yugoslavia; of the Southern Tyrol, which went to Italy. For in these cases the transferred regions were absorbed into the countries they joined, and to trace their fate would mean giving the economic history of Poland, Rumania, Yugoslavia and Italy. I must be content with looking at, not what was transferred, but what was left. This means three States, first a new one, Czechoslovakia, carved out of the old Empire, and then the remnants of the two old monarchies, Austria and Hungary.

Of these the first, Czechoslovakia, was for many reasons the most fortunate. The Czechs, reluctant members of the old Empire, had long desired to break away. The Great War was for them first an agony of exceptional intensity, since they were obliged to fight for a side they would sooner have fought against, but it was afterwards their great opportunity. It gave Masaryk and his young lieutenant Benes the chance of securing their country's liberation. They broke away before the War ended, and when the Peace Conference came they were on the victor's side of the table, not the vanquished. The Czechoslovaks had a difficult political task in forming a new State which included very different elements, Slovaks and Germans as well as Czechs. But they had great advantages. They had the inspiring sense of victory and liberation. They had the





Diagrams illustrating the imports and exports of the Danubian countries

good fortune to have great leaders at their head, especially Masaryk, the inspired Professor, and Benes, then a young journalist of diplomatic genius, both of whom are miraculously still guiding the policy nearly twenty years afterwards. They also took over the richest portion of both the resources and the industrial equipment of the old Empire, the forests of Slovakia, the sugar plantations of Bohemia and Moravia, great industries producing textiles, leather goods, chemicals, clothes, porcelain and glass. It is true that the very richness of these resources brought special difficulties. The regions that now became Czechoslovakia had produced nine-tenths of the sugar, three-quarters of the textiles, three-quarters of the clothes and all the porcelain of the dual monarchy; and the market for most of their goods had been found in the regions now separated from them by Customs barriers; the separated parts now began to erect their own factories or draw upon those of the countries to which they had been transferred. But in general the economic history of Czechoslovakia has been more like that of the industrial countries who were on the Allied side in the War—Belgium, for example—than that of the two defeated and distressed countries which we must now consider, the truncated Austria and Hungary.

To me Austria represents the most poignant tragedy of the War. I am not thinking only of her former historic greatness and its loss. I am thinking neither of the follies nor of the fate of the *ancien régime*. No, I am thinking rather of the Austrian people as I saw them in their agony thirteen years ago, a people starving and yet nursing their courage upon their incomparable opera; a people humane, kindly, light-hearted, music-loving—and among the least nationalistic in all the world.

And then I think of this people ground between the alternatives of dictatorship of the Nazi or Fascist type with all the rigours and inhumanities common to both. I think of this people who, after the War, were in the lowest abyss of disintegration and impoverishment, successfully struggling back to comparative prosperity and then overborne again by the Great Depression five years ago and the political upheavals which have accompanied it. In the recovery both Christian Socialist Government of Austria and the Socialist Administration of Vienna had their share. I know there are many who

think that the Socialists who were in control of the capital for over a decade after the War mismanaged the City's finances. Those are not my views. In my judgment, under leaders of real greatness, they combined progressive and enlightened public expenditure with prudent finance, and at this moment I should like to pay them a personal tribute of deep and sincere respect.

### Relief Measures in Austria

In the winter of 1922-23, when I first visited Austria, the country was in the very depth of distress. The factories were closed, the wide streets of the capital empty of traffic, the people of all classes—scholars of European reputation as well as the workpeople—visibly starving. The currency went to pieces and with it all the normal economic life of the country. Fixed incomes became worthless, salaries and wages were raised much too slowly to compensate for higher prices, and the State could only get revenue by printing more notes, which made the whole trouble worse. Let me give you one other instance of the disorganisation. I went into my clerks' room one day and found them using banknotes as scrap paper, because it was the cheapest they could buy. I found that one-crown notes were still being printed when they had so lost their value that it cost about fifty crowns to print a single note. Think what that must mean in general disorganisation.

What I have said of Austria is largely true also of Hungary. This country, however, had no financial resources or system comparable with those of Vienna. It had a larger proportion of its population on the land, where they could more or less provide themselves with food, though with nothing else. And a large part of its most fertile regions was lost to it by transference to Rumania. The financial situation was scarcely less serious than in Austria, though less complicated, and the economic problem was even more difficult.

Now let us see what was done to deal with this desperate situation. The victorious Powers, and many charitable organisations in America and Great Britain, recognised the need and did all that charity could do. Food was poured into Vienna and Budapest through relief organisations, and over £20 millions of money was spent in this way, much of it nominally in the form of loans, but in effect as a gift. All this relieved the situation,



but it did not cure it. A real cure for Austria and Hungary required two things above all. First the administration and the currency needed to be restored, and secondly the opportunities of trade, including trade across the new frontiers needed to be re-established. The first of these needs was successfully dealt with by the League of Nations. The second has never been completely achieved even to this day.

Let us see just what the League did. It raised loans for both Austria and Hungary. But instead of merely spending it in relief the League used these loans to reform the government administration, to re-establish the currency, and to enable constructive work to be undertaken.

The result was that in a few years these two countries had reached the level of moderate prosperity of other less unfortunate countries of a similar type like Czechoslovakia or Rumania. Both countries were rescued from chaos and starvation and were getting on reasonably well until the world depression of the last few years overwhelmed them in common with other countries. This was, beyond all question, a great constructive work, and on the whole the new mechanism of the League was shown working at its best. The Council negotiated a political treaty designed to assure the political independence and integrity of the countries assisted. The Financial Committee, including among its members some of the world's leading financial experts, worked out the plan, and special officers of the League supervised its execution.

For a number of years this work of reconstruction, which was soon extended to include somewhat similar work in Greece, in Bulgaria, in Dantzic and in Esthonia, was regarded universally as the most notable achievement of the League.

In the last five years the League's reconstruction work has been regarded here critically. In particular, three questions have been asked, which I now propose to discuss.

### Why are Conditions Still Serious?

First, why, if the League's work was well done, do we find such serious trouble again in nearly all the countries then assisted? Civil war in Austria and Greece, impoverishment in Hungary and Bulgaria. The answer, and I think the sufficient answer, is this: The League assisted a number of small countries which had suffered exceptional misfortune and had fallen far below the average standard. It attempted to cure the results of these special misfortunes and restore them to approximately the same position as other countries of a similar type. It succeeded in doing this. It could not do more. It could not, by means of a scheme for Austria or Hungary, save these small, and necessarily weak, countries, from the impact of the tremendous forces of a world depression.

Secondly, why did the League not deal with the new customs tariffs which had, as I have explained, so greatly increased the difficulties of all the peoples of the former Empire? If, it is said, the treaty makers had committed the folly of allowing these new tariffs to be imposed, why did the League not take the opportunity of correcting this folly? In my view, neither the treaty makers nor the League were to blame. The new nations, such as Czechoslovakia, had been taught by the practice of older and greater powers to regard national customs as an attribute and indispensable prerogative of national sovereignty. The older countries, to which territory had been ceded, already so regarded them. Who could have compelled a change of attitude? The treaties inserted a provision intended to encourage a voluntary negotiation to reduce the barriers. Repeated efforts were in fact made to improve the situation both by the countries concerned, and by the League. All of them failed, for reasons which all those who have studied other efforts to remove tariffs will understand. The fact is just as, when there is free trade, the pattern of a country's economic life adjusts itself to that fact, so when there are tariffs a new pattern slowly develops. New industries are established which cannot live without the tariffs; to remove them—whatever the ultimate benefit—means not only loss of capital but large unemployment. And in this case additional difficulties were caused by the fact that important areas had been absorbed into the territory of existing States with their own tariff systems. I cannot now discuss all the complications. Every effort failed. The critics say, yes, but the League had already lost its leverage by arranging the loans first. Why did it not make its financial assistance conditional upon the customs evil being dealt

with? The answer is that the action of countries not receiving the financial assistance would have been required—and could not have been secured. Let me say, shortly and bluntly, that if the League had made this condition, the League schemes could not possibly have been carried through. The work of reconstruction was perhaps only half done, but a policy of all or nothing would certainly have meant nothing.

### The League Loans

Thirdly, is the League to be blamed for letting down the investor who has in some cases failed to receive the interest on his money that he expected?

Let us look at the facts. There were in all League loans to six countries. Only one of these, the Austrian, was guaranteed and in this case payment has been made in full. The other five were not guaranteed, but only 'recommended'; and for that reason carried a higher rate of interest; in two there has been full payment throughout, but in the other three, after a number of years of full payment, there has been partial default.

Did the League give the investor a moral assurance against every kind of risk? I do not think so, or why should the investor have had a rate of interest which on the average exceeded 7 per cent? The fact is that, in making a foreign loan, there are two kinds of risk, the *internal* risk that the money may be misapplied or wasted on a bad scheme and the *external* risk that general world conditions may so impoverish the borrower that he cannot pay. Now, when the League recommended a loan it did give a moral assurance against the first of these risks, and it has made this good. The League schemes have in every case proved successful in the specific objectives aimed at. The finances and currency were restored; the refugees were successfully settled; the funds were properly applied. The abnormally impoverished and broken countries were brought back to the level of other countries of the same type. But the League did not and could not, give an assurance against the consequences to these small countries of a general world depression.

From the point of view of the countries assisted, at least, let me repeat, the League schemes achieved their purpose. For a decade millions of peoples in abnormally impoverished countries were enabled to earn a living which would otherwise have been impossible. They were restored to the level of other countries of their size and type. They were not exempted from the effects of the late world depression. They have still internal weaknesses resulting from the fragmentation of the old economic union. Much remains to be done. But surely what was done is no mean achievement.

Meanwhile the Danubian countries remain impoverished in part by the conditions left by the Peace Treaties, in part by the World Depression. Certain classes, for example, the rentiers in Austria, have largely disappeared. The pattern of society is different. The economic life of the countries is strangled by tariffs, and, what is now worse, by a complicated network of quotas and currency restrictions, while in other ways the Governments are trying to improve the position by assisting or controlling industrial activities. All these countries indeed, are now facing problems, both political and economic, which are in part like those which confront the rest of the world, and in part are increased by the special consequences which follow from the break-up of an old regime and the rebuilding of a new one. We shall all of us have to be content with a lower standard of living than the world's productive resources would make possible, unless we can so modify the economic nationalism of our time as to restore external trade. We shall all of us find as impediments in our way, the growth of new vested interests under new tariffs, and the national passions which both competitive tariffs and general political unsettlement have inflamed. Against these impediments reason and good sense will make headway slowly—though, in the long run, I believe, successfully. In the Danubian countries both the difficulties and the inducements to overcome them are greater than elsewhere. Here in these distressed regions, the cockpit and the origin of so many wars, live peoples who have not only the skill, the industry and the natural resources which are necessary for a high level of material comfort, but the traditions and aptitudes which might enable the best that human civilisation can achieve to be built upon that foundation. What the Danubian countries need is what the whole world needs, less nationalism and more political wisdom.



## Custom and Conduct

# The Power of Leadership

By HENRY A. MESS

**W**E referred a few weeks ago to that pair of instincts which Graham Wallas used to call the 'give a lead' instinct and the 'take a lead' instinct. It is natural for human beings to look for a lead when they are faced with a situation calling for decision and action; you can see it in any group, from the children playing

man. 'His Worship the Mayor has consented to preside at the annual meeting' of such and such a society; 'the Bishop is not favourable' to such and such a course of action: that is the kind of phrase which is employed. A man of mediocre personality can exercise a big influence if he occupies a position of well-recognised institutional leadership. Such has often been the case with the heads of feudal families; and feudal leadership is still a very real force in England to-day.

The prestige of office is often enhanced by devices such as robes and ritual and special phraseology. There is no doubt that the trappings of authority do carry weight with most persons; the robes of a judge and the severe etiquette of the law courts help to maintain respect for law. Not only do we have inanimate symbols but some men are human symbols. A royal personage is received with enthusiastic demonstrations partly because he is a living symbol of the nation's greatness and the nation's solidarity. It is not only monarchs who are human symbols: Adolf Hitler is to the German nation the human symbol of its outraged pride and of its bitter assertion of equality.

Whilst it is the office rather than its occupant which gives power to institutional leadership, yet that is not to say that the personality of the holder of the office is without importance. It is important. A very weak man can make little even of a big office; a foolish or wicked man can do a great deal of harm in it; whilst a wise and good man can use his position as a lever to make his qualities carry weight as otherwise they would not do. And to a considerable extent the office makes the man. Where the office is filled by appointment, only those men are selected as a rule who show signs of having the qualities desirable for it. Where the office is hereditary, the heir is trained for it and inherits a tradition with regard to it. Moreover, the office educates the man; there are usually attached to it opportunities for obtaining



Natural leadership: a young orator in Hyde Park

in the street to the city council; how often they wait for someone to take the first step, to make up their minds for them, to show them the way. Of course, individuals vary very much in this respect; some are more ready than others to accept a lead; and there are some who are contra-suggestible, that is to say, they usually go the opposite way to the lead which is given. And individuals vary even more with regard to the 'give a lead' instinct; in some men and women it is very feeble, whilst others are, as we say, born leaders. In most of us there is a good deal of both instincts; we are ready to accept leadership, but we also like to give it in some spheres and on some occasions. Certainly leadership is a natural phenomenon in human life and a very important one. People talk from time to time as if leadership might become unnecessary in a well-educated and thoroughly democratic society. I do not think so myself; I think that leading and following are deep-rooted in the very nature of man. At all events, leadership has been an important fact in human history, and it is obviously so at the present time.

Leadership comes partly from a man's personal qualities and partly from his position and recognised function in society; usually from a combination of both. Leadership by virtue of office has been called by Professor Bartlett 'institutional leadership'. It is based on the prestige of position rather than on personality. A post and a function have been created by society; and it is to them that respect is paid rather than to the particular individual who occupies the post at a particular time. A king, a bishop, a mayor, a headmaster, are good examples of institutional leadership; unless they are quite unsuited to their position, their initiative will usually be followed. It is the office which carries weight rather than the



Institutional leadership: 'prestige of office enhanced by robes and ritual'

information and experience which are denied to other men, and the continual exercise of important functions makes a bigger man.

The second kind of leadership is first and foremost personal;





though the leader in the course of his leadership may achieve office and found institutions. Sir Martin Conway wrote of Crowd Compellers and Crowd Exponents. The Crowd Compellers are men of dominant personality—the Cæsars, Napoleons, Lenins, Mussolinis, and their like—who have a gift of authority; they beckon and others follow, they frown and others hasten to obey. Many big business men, many politicians, many trade union leaders, are of this type. The dominant leader needs to be self-assertive, swift in decision, ready to shoulder responsibility, and not afraid of making mistakes. Intellectual ability may help; but an ambitious temper matters far more than intellect; and a critical disposition is decidedly a handicap. The dominant leader is not usually a man with a gift for seeing both sides of a question. Dominant leadership is a blend of coercion and persuasion. If it were only coercion, it would not be leadership but mere tyranny. A Cæsar, a Napoleon, a Lenin is ruthless enough with his opponents but he owes his power as much or even more to his ability to inspire confidence and devotion in his followers. Dominant leadership finds its greatest opportunity in troubled times, when the weaknesses of institutional leadership are most felt, and when men's fears make them ready to accept a lead from someone who speaks boldly and unhesitatingly.

We may contrast with dominant leadership persuasive leadership, the kind of power exercised by men who have the gift of conveying their conviction to others. Most propagandists are of this type. Often they carry men away by an eloquence which appeals to the emotions rather than to the intellect; they are what the Americans call 'spell binders'. But the better type of propagandist appeals to the mind; he reasons with those who differ from him. Do you remember what Lord Morley says of one of Cobden's speeches? He speaks of its 'honest cogency of reasoning'. And do you remember the effect of that speech? The Prime Minister of the day, Sir Robert Peel, was heard to say to a colleague, 'You must answer this, for I cannot'; and it was not long after that he announced his conversion to Cobden's views. That kind of leadership will count more and more as education widens and deepens.

Then there are the persons whom Sir Martin Conway calls Crowd Exponents. These are men and women with an exceptional gift of divining and expressing what their fellows are thinking and feeling. It happens fairly often that a great many persons are groping their way simultaneously towards some new idea, some new attitude to life. In that case the person who first achieves coherent and popular expression of it is likely to become a leader. Some men have a special gift of saying what many men have been feeling; and they reveal men to themselves. Sir Martin Conway cites Mr. Lloyd George as a superb Crowd Exponent, and he quotes a famous passage from

Mr. Keynes' *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, in which Mr. Keynes speaks of Mr. Lloyd George as possessing a kind of sixth sense which enables him to know what those around him are thinking and feeling. Many good journalists are Crowd Exponents, who give definite shape to opinions and sentiments which are prevalent but unformulated.

It is convenient for purposes of analysis to describe separately the different kinds of leadership, but of course in real life



Dominant leadership: Hitler, 'the human symbol of Germany's outraged pride', and some of his followers at the Nuremberg Congress, 1934

Paul Popper

they are often found in combination. An institutional leader seldom derives his authority merely from his position; he will usually have some gift of commanding or persuading men. A 'human symbol' may, or may not, be a strong personality. Dominant and persuasive leadership are frequently blended; and the leader often founds institutions and achieves office.

Since leadership is so important to the human race it is desirable that opportunity for leadership shall be widespread. That is one of the advantages of a democratic community: it is open to anyone with a gift for leadership to offer himself. In societies where authority is bound up with caste and privilege, no such scope is given to the majority of men; hence much good potential leadership is often lost. But the removal of artificial restrictions is not enough; there must be positive opportunity given. School, college, trade union, church (especially the Nonconformist churches), borough council, Parliament, are all of them fields in which men try out their capacity for leadership. And they do so also in the innumerable voluntary associations which are a conspicuous feature of English society.

If good leadership is necessary to the healthy life of a community, so also is loyal following. Without loyalty there can be no cohesion. But following should be intelligent; leaders are the better for criticism, tendered in the proper way. Moreover, the selection of good leaders pre-supposes good appraisal. A community with low standards is likely to accept, indeed to demand, leaders with low standards. A good deal of potential leadership is either not recognised or is rejected. And whilst self-sacrifice or martyrdom sometimes wins eventual triumph



of a cause, it is by no means always so; and it is in any case a wasteful way of getting results.

About the nature and necessity of leadership there have been two opposing schools of thought. The first is that of Thomas Carlyle, expressed with immense force in his *Heroes and Hero Worship*. Let me remind you of what Carlyle said:

The history of what man has accomplished in this world is at bottom the history of the great men who have walked here. They were the leaders of men, these great ones; the modellers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators, of whatsoever the general mass of men contrive to do or to attain.

That is Carlyle's Great Man theory. Now listen to a modern Soviet author writing about Lenin:

We Marxists do not see in the personality the creator of history, because for us the personality is only the apparatus through which history works.

Or listen to Lord Elton, one of our Labour peers and a distinguished historian:

Great men are a myth: there are none . . . Our war, for example, produced no great men: only great peoples. Men we have called great in history are men who summed or stood for the soul of a people or an age.

Or as Sir Martin Conway would say, they were Crowd Exponents. And those who agree with Lord Elton will say that the situation naturally and inevitably produces the necessary leader. If it had not been Napoleon who terminated the French Revolution by a military despotism it would have been some other; if it had not been Lenin who created the Soviet Republics, someone else would have arisen to do it. The point of view is not new. Carlyle, nearly a hundred years ago, was acquainted with it and answered it. This is what Carlyle says:

He was the 'creature of the Time' they say; the Time called him forth, the Time did everything, he nothing . . . The Time call forth? Alas, we have known Times call loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called! He was not there; Providence had not sent him; the Time calling loudest had to go down to confusion and wreck because he would not come when called.

Well, there you have the two points of view very clearly put. According to Carlyle and those who think like him, great men appear in the world from time to time and shape powerfully the destinies of mankind. According to the other school there are no great men; or at least what we call great men are very ordinary men upon whom circumstances thrust a conspicuous role. If they didn't play the part someone else would.

What do you think about it? Are there any great men? Or do circumstances always produce the leading figure who is needed?

My own view is that which I have been trying to express all through these talks: that man is both shaped and shaper. I think this applies to conspicuous leaders as well as to all of us. Of course they are moulded by the circumstances of their time and place; of course circumstances indicate the part which they can play. And often it is true that if one man did not seize the opportunity another man would. But I think it a mistake to suppose that there is only one way in which the part can be played, only one kind of lead which can be given. I think the particular outlook and the particular qualities of individual men matter immensely; and I think with Carlyle that a nation may be saved or lost by good leadership or the absence of it. For the essence of leadership is intensity of life; and life means taking hold of circumstances and choosing among the various possibilities.

So far from leadership becoming unnecessary to man as he

progresses, it seems to me that it becomes more necessary, because the circumstances of mankind change more rapidly than those of any other creature, and big and difficult adaptations have continually to be made. And they are most easily made when the necessity for them is brought home to the ordinary man by a man of unusual penetration and personality. Indeed there seems to be nothing else in some cases but the power of personality which can break the resistances set up by custom, ancient sentiment, and vested interests. The prophet, the pioneer, and the martyr are necessary to human welfare. Listen to Professor Charles Ellwood, one of the foremost living sociologists:

Once I believed that the scientist working in his study could dig out the truth, and that that truth would conquer and make the world right through its own inherent might; but now I see that truth must be clothed in flesh and blood and find expression in the sacrifice of self and in other heroic action to establish itself.

And now, as our talks together draw to a close, I want to summarise what I have been trying to say.

The title of the six talks was 'Forces that Mould our Lives'; and they will have failed of their purpose if they have not made you realise, or realise more clearly, the extent to which our thoughts and feelings and actions are the results of forces at work, of which we are only partly conscious, and which we can only partly control. First of all, there is heredity; we are what we are, in large measure, by virtue of our parentage. We did not determine that we should be men of such and such kind. It is no doing of ours which has caused us to be white men and not black men or yellow men; or indeed men at all. It is no merit of ours if we happen to have good brains; and no demerit if our brains are poor. And it is no doing of ours if by nature we are quick tempered or placid. Up to a point



Persuasive leadership: Mr. Lloyd George, the 'superb Crowd Exponent . . . possessing a kind of sixth sense which enables him to know what those around him are thinking and feeling'

our lives have been determined for us. Nature dealt the cards, and we have to play them. And that isn't the whole of it. Given that particular heredity, we might have developed in many different ways. But it wasn't left to us alone to settle which of the many possibilities of our nature should be realised. A number of other persons got to work on us: parents, neighbours, teachers, preachers, legislators, all leaving their mark on us. Our parentage gave us, not only a certain physical heredity, but also a certain social heritage. We learned to speak the English language, we learned English history and read English literature; particular ways of looking at things, particular likes and dislikes were early implanted in



us: just as other men and women were moulded by a French or German or Chinese upbringing. We have caught many customs from elders and neighbours and we shall follow them all our lives. And if we should be inclined to deviate widely, to strike out new lines for ourselves, society will have something to say about it; there are all sorts of fences and obstacles for those who wander too far from the beaten tracks. There are many things the law will not allow us to do; there are some things which it will insist on our doing. And even when the law is silent, there is public opinion to reckon with. There is a steady pressure on us from first to last to conform within fairly narrow limits to recognised and accepted patterns of living. It is only gradually and partially that we come to recognise this shaping of our lives. Of the forces which shape us, some are external to us; for instance, the constraint of law. Others are written in our own natures, as, for instance, our instincts. Some of them, heredity, for example, set sharp and final limits to what is possible for us; other forces, such as public opinion, press upon us gently at times and at other times almost irresistibly.

Perhaps these talks may have depressed you by making you feel your own impotence. You are not as free as you thought you were. Well, it is a very healthy thing to realise the limitations within which we have to live. But I should be sorry indeed to leave the impression that we are slaves. The forces of which we have been speaking mould our lives but they do not determine our lives. A living creature is seldom entirely passive; it has some power of choice, some power of varying its response; and the higher you go in the scale of life, the more does the living creature choose among the various possibilities of its nature and its circumstances. Our heredity does indeed determine much about our lives; but it is part of that heredity, part of the human nature which it has given us, that we can become aware of our own make up and can exercise a choice within the range of possibilities given us. We cannot choose our instincts; but we can choose between different ways of giving them expression. And so with regard to social heritage—all the knowledge and ideas and attitudes to life and way of living which have come to us because we were born into a particular society—we cannot escape from it, and usually we don't want to escape from it; but we can become aware of the peculiar quality of it, and we can make an intelligent use of it. Institutions shape our behaviour; but institutions were made by men and they can be changed by men. Custom and public opinion set heavy hands upon us; but we can question the value of any particular custom, and we are part of public opinion. We are swayed by powerful leadership; but we can be good followers without being blind followers. And it is open to us to give a lead as well as to take a lead; there is no one without some small sphere in which his influence counts.

In conclusion, our lives are rough hewn by the forces of which we have been speaking, but they are finally shaped by us and by us alone. And the more aware we are of the moulding forces, the less we shall be mere products of their blind pressures. As we become aware of our own heredity we can guard against the weaknesses of our natures. We are not less but more free when we recognise the power of customs and human institutions; we cannot always break with them, even if it would be good to do so, but we can watch for opportunities of modifying them and we can keep a certain independence of the soul. So, too, with the various kinds of propaganda, about which we spoke last week; once you have seen the trick of them, you are relatively immune.

In the realm of physical science man has enlarged his powers as he has learned the laws from which he cannot escape; it is since he has known the law of gravitation that he has learned to fly. And so, too, with regard to mind and emotions, it is by learning the laws to which they are subject that we are achieving greater freedom. It is one of the hopeful things in the world today that there is an increasing number of men and women who understand the forces by which their lives are shaped, and who are in consequence delivered from mere slavery to them. Man by his intellectual power has achieved much mastery of inanimate nature and of the lower creation. He is now applying that intellectual power to systematic and scientific exploration of his own nature and conduct. Self-knowledge is the preliminary to self-mastery, mankind is entering upon a new and hopeful phase of its history.

## Broadcast Drama

# Period Pieces

I HEARD Mr. Philip Wade's 'Wedding Group' last week with particular interest. My critical listening, so far, has been confined to stage plays adapted for the microphone. Here was one specially written for broadcasting. Here the author and the producer could frolic in time and space unhampered by stage conventions. For the microphone has all the agility of the movie camera. It can follow the actors anywhere.

And so, in 'Wedding Group' we leap back into the middle of the nineteenth century; we walk with the heroine on the banks of the Forth, sail with her and Florence Nightingale to Scutari, where, by a coincidence more surprising to the innocent Janet than to us, the young doctor she loves is brought to the very hospital in which she is working. And at last we are back again by the Forth, where the young doctor again meets Janet, and so gives her a chance to explain how his letters went astray nine long years ago. Will he have a wife and several children by now? Janet may fear so, but we know better. He is still free, still faithful, and the play ends with the photographer taking his picture of the wedding group.

Now here was a simple, pleasant love story with a convincing background of Scottish life and a number of neatly sketched, well-acted characters—the father, a Presbyterian minister (J. Hubert Leslie), the brother, a medical student (John Laurie), the jealous sister (Ethel Glendinning), and a heroine whose staunch spirit and sedate charm were attractively represented by Miss Sophie Stewart. Her expressive voice and delightful Scottish accent made Janet an enchanting creature. And yet I was not satisfied, for I could not see why we had been taken all the way to Scutari. I enjoyed the voyage. The hooting of sirens, the wash of the sea and the mewing of seagulls made me feel pleasantly far away from the artificial world of the theatre. But what I want most of all from a play is character revealing itself and developing under the pressure of circumstances; and I could not see that either Scutari or Miss Nightingale had affected Janet at all. In the last scene she was the same charming young woman as in the first, and I felt that a voice saying 'Three years later' would have told me just as much as that long voyage.

As I sat watching the rehearsals of 'Wedding Group' it struck me how much easier it is to show *gradual* change of character by means of the microphone than on the stage. In Mr. John Drinkwater's 'Abraham Lincoln', broadcast last week by the Birmingham Repertory Company, we were given a fine example of dramatic biography. The episodic treatment, which is a drawback in the theatre, is an asset in broadcasting and the single dominating figure of Lincoln held the attention easily. Only the last scene came over poorly. Here (was it partly due to the cutting?) it was not clear why Lincoln should be making speeches in a theatre; I missed the tension which came, in the stage version, from seeing the lurking figure of Booth, his murderer; I could not understand who was shot and how and why. But the play remained a clear, forceful portrait of an heroic character. Mr. Stephen Murray's Lincoln had the strength and character and human warmth that the part demands; Mr. Stuart Vinden's General Grant was an outstanding figure; and Mr. Donald Eccles, with little more than 'Yes, sir', and 'No, sir', and a few sobs, made a vivid character out of a young soldier.

I found it difficult to resist anything as supremely well done as the production of Noel Coward's 'Bitter Sweet' on Saturday last. With what perfect cinematographic technique the preliminary announcements were made; how cleverly Mr. Ivor Brown made us all agog to praise; how exquisitely Miss Evelyn Laye changed from innocent seventeen to cosmopolitan middle-age and experienced seventy; how gaily Miss Betty Huntley Wright trilled her French songs; how sprightly were the 'ladies of the town'; with what speed, vivacity and gusto the whole thing went! And yet how scurvily we were treating the nineteenth century! We were dressing up our passion for unreality in nineteenth-century costume, and pretending that the sentimentality belonged to that practical age and not to our own. With every piece of repartee essentially post-War, with every waltz and every polka full of twentieth-century rhythm, we still pretended that what we were feeling was the glamour of the past.

GRACE WYNDHAM GOLDIE



# RADIO NEWS-REEL MAY 27— JUNE 2

*A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins*



## 'ROUND THE HOUSES'

P. G. Fairfield (No. 9) and F. W. Dixon (No. 20) leading the field round the hairpin bend in the first of the two motor races at Douglas, Isle of Man, last week. The race is for cars under 1,500 ccs., and is called the *Manin Beg*.



## TROUBLE IN NORTHERN RHODESIA

This picture shows part of the huge *Roan Antelope* copper mine near Luanshya, Northern Rhodesia, where trouble broke out at the beginning of last week among the native miners. They wrecked the offices and attacked the power house. Police and troops were rushed to the area in considerable numbers, and by the end of the week the situation was in control and work resumed. The strike was not directed so much against the Company as against the Government, which recently raised the poll tax which each native has to pay from 10s. to 15s.

## COLLISION AT DOVER

A lorry collided with a Southern Railway engine on the Admiralty Pier at Dover on Thursday. The lorry was loaded with 6-in. blank shells. Flames 40 ft. high shot into the air and the shells exploded at intervals. A passenger coach standing close by also caught fire and was burned out, but no one was injured.

## CHACO WAR

Last week there seemed to be more hope of securing a peaceful conclusion in the Chaco, where Paraguay and Bolivia have been fighting for years. At the Conference in Buenos Aires, the representatives of Brazil and the Argentine proposed the signature of an armistice, and both belligerents have accepted in principle. Bolivia is willing to begin direct negotiations either for peace or for an agreement on arbitration. Paraguay has made certain conditions which have not yet been revealed.

The picture on the right is of Paraguayan soldiers firing from rough pits on one of the battlefields.





## NRA

On May 27 the Supreme Court of the United States announced a unanimous decision that Section 3 of the Industrial Recovery Act was unconstitutional.

This decision is one of far-reaching importance. It means that the entire structure of codes for settling wages, hours, and conditions of work, fixing prices and regulating competition in American industry, by which the Roosevelt Administration had hoped to lift the country out of the depression, is no longer enforceable by law.

The Court held that while the Federal Government could deal with inter-State trade, it had no power to interfere with any business situated within the borders of a single State. It also held that Congress could not delegate its legislative function to the Administration, and that the drawing up of codes enforceable by law, which had been left in the hands of the President, was essentially a legislative function.



### DIPLOMATIC HONEYMOON

General Göring's tour in South-Eastern Europe has been marked by several curious incidents. He is seen here saluting a tattered Bulgarian flag shortly after his arrival in Sofia on May 26. Outside the University, however, he met with a hostile reception and the crowd shouted references to Dimitroff and the Reichstag Fire Trial. The following afternoon he went for a long motor drive with King Boris and did not return till after midnight, ignoring a dinner appointment with the German colony. It was at once rumoured that he was arranging a secret understanding with Bulgaria. — The rumour was denied.

On May 28 he left for Yugoslavia. The German Minister had come to meet him at Skopje, but he flew right over the airport and disappeared into Dalmatia.



### GENERAL JOHNSON AND THE CODES

Above is a photograph of General Johnson, who negotiated the codes, addressing a conference of 4,000 members of the code authorities at Washington last year. Behind him is President Roosevelt, and Gus Gennerick, his bodyguard.

Immediately on the announcement of the Supreme Court decision, the machinery for the enforcement of the codes was suspended. Several appeals have been issued to employers to maintain the code provisions voluntarily until the complicated political position has been cleared up. Trade Unions and workers' organisations have everywhere threatened large scale strikes if wages are lowered or hours increased. The United Mine Workers of America have called a strike to begin at midnight on June 16—the date on which the code legislation was due to be renewed. It is now stated that President Roosevelt does not intend to introduce immediate emergency legislation: but he may ask Congress to remain in session till December to complete his legislative programme.

The Supreme Court also declared invalid the Frazier-Lemke Act, which was passed in 1934 to give insolvent farmers the right to obtain a moratorium of five years on mortgages, by application to a Federal Court.



### PAGEANT OF ENGLAND

This presentation of seven episodes in the history of England was opened at Langley Park, Slough, on Tuesday afternoon, May 28. It deals with the domestic side of English history rather than with feats of arms abroad, and all the scenes are closely concerned with the throne. The proceeds are to go to the Jubilee Trust.

### OAK APPLE DAY

The Annual Founders' Day parade was held at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, on May 29. Three hundred and seventy-five of the pensioners were on parade. The oldest was 94, and the next oldest 93.







#### THE NEW FRENCH CABINET

Reading from left to right in the foreground: M. Herriot, M. Bouisson, Marshal Pétain, M. Caillaux and M. Lebrun.



**MOTERING ACROSS THE CHANNEL**  
On May 29, a German, Jacob Boulig, motored from Calais to Dover in an amphibian car equipped with paddles on the rear wheels. He took eight hours over the journey.

**THE 'NORMANDIE' SAILS**  
The *Normandie* left Le Havre on her maiden voyage to New York shortly after six o'clock on May 29. She had over 2,000 passengers on board.

She arrived at the Ambrose Lightship at 10 a.m. on Monday morning, breaking the record for the northern crossing of the Atlantic. The figures are: 3,192 miles in 107 hours 33 minutes; average speed 29.68 knots; fastest run: Sunday-Monday, 31.55 knots. The previous record for the northern crossing was held by the *Bremen*—110 hours 27 minutes from Southampton; for the southern crossing by the *Rex*—109 hours 58 minutes from Gibraltar.



#### French Crisis

The flight from the franc precipitated a political crisis in France which lasted all last week. M. Flandin's Government proposed a bill which would give the Cabinet emergency powers to deal with the financial situation. M. Flandin himself had not fully recovered from the result of his accident some weeks ago. Neither he nor the Finance Minister, M. Germain-Martin, was willing to explain in detail how the emergency powers were to be used. The bill was rejected by the Finance Committee, but the Government decided to appeal to the Chamber. Late on Friday night the bill was defeated and the Government resigned.

Within 24 hours M. Bouisson succeeded in forming a new ministry. His first choice for the portfolio of finance was M. Palmade, but M. Palmade withdrew his name, and M. Joseph Caillaux, a former Prime Minister, accepted the position instead. He has already made a vigorous declaration of his policy: an unalterable determination to maintain the gold parity of the franc, measures to throttle speculation against the currency and to combat any and every tendency to devaluation. He will require plenary powers similar to those which were refused to M. Flandin's ministry.



#### THE PLAYERS' MASQUE FOR MARIE TEMPEST

Miss Marie Tempest celebrated her fiftieth year on the stage with a Jubilee Matinée at Drury Lane on May 28. The King and Queen attended the matinee and the proceeds went to the endowment of a ward of private rooms in St. George's Hospital for the benefit of actors and actresses. Miss Tempest is seen above, with many of the leading figures of the English stage, at the close of the Masque specially written for the occasion by Mr. John Drinkwater.



## Earthquake in Baluchistan

An area in British Baluchistan in the North West of India has been devastated by earthquakes. The first shocks came on May 30 at 9.40 p.m. (British Summer Time), and there were subsequent shocks several days after.

The catastrophe was of appalling severity. The number of Indian survivors in the town of Quetta is estimated at about 10,000; dead, over 20,000. The total casualties in the affected area cannot even be guessed at. It is believed that at least 100 Europeans have lost their lives.

As so often happens fire broke out among the ruins and added to the destruction. In view of the danger of epidemic, the city had to be sealed and placed under military guard. Martial law has been declared; medical services and supplies sent by every available means of transport, and food rationed to the surviving population.



QUETTA

Above is a photograph of the Bazaar at Quetta in British Baluchistan. The entire town has been almost completely destroyed by the earthquake and the subsequent fire.



BLAST AT BONAWE QUARRY

One of the biggest quarry blasts ever fired in this country took place at Bonawe Quarry, Argyllshire, on Thursday. Over half-a-million tons of granite were dislodged by a charge of 20 tons of gunpowder placed at the end of a hundred foot tunnel. The tunnel itself took over a year to cut, and it is estimated that it will take 300 men six or seven years to clear away the debris.

HERR VON RIBBENTROP

Herr von Ribbentrop arrived from Germany on Sunday by air. He has been appointed 'Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary on Special Mission' to take part in the Anglo-German talks which were opened by Sir John Simon on Tuesday.

These talks will be purely informal, and preliminary to any actual negotiations which may take place later on. All that is intended is an exchange of information and views. When Sir John Simon visited Berlin a short time ago, Herr Hitler insisted that Germany's claim was for 35 per cent. of British naval tonnage.

The photograph on the right shows Herr von Ribbentrop descending from the aeroplane at Croydon and being greeted with the Nazi salute.



THE WISHBONE

A new kind of all-steel yacht was launched at Cowes on Saturday. She is welded out of solid steel, and equipped with an unusual and revolutionary wing.





## Religion

# The Way to God

## Answers to Questioners

By Canon C. E. RAVEN

ONE question has come in rather differing forms from several of you. It is this: 'When you speak of the influence of Christ in history, do you mean an influence like that of Socrates or of Napoleon? When you talk of the living Christ, do you mean that He is alive in a different way from other great teachers?'

There are two things to be said first before we get on to the heart of the question. First, I do not believe that death on earth is the end of our existence. There is surely in all of us some spark of kinship with God: we may crush it: I suppose we may perhaps eventually extinguish it: but, so long as it endures, the death of the body, the passing on from this physical world, does not destroy it. Socrates is surely alive, as he hoped to be, alive in himself, and not only in his example and teaching. Secondly, it may be that those who have passed on can still influence and enter into contact with those who are still in this world. Many people, Christians and others, believe this; and in recent years there have been great efforts made to prove survival by establishing communication. Personally, I do not think that Socrates influences people on earth today by direct communication with them, but I don't want to say that it is impossible or even that it doesn't happen.

### 'I Have Seen the Lord'

In the case of Jesus the evidence seems to me quite different. It was their belief in His resurrection that was the basis of the Apostles' faith. It was their experience of His living presence that transformed them from despair to conviction, from defeat to victory. Vast as has been the influence of the teaching and example of Christ, His followers have always claimed to have a far more immediate communion with Him than merely by memory or study. Ever since the time of St. Paul there have been multitudes who have been constrained by experience to say 'I have seen the Lord: I know Him in whom I believe'. The majority of these are not men and women of abnormal psychic quality or of vivid imagination or of deranged minds or of morbid characters: some of them are among the healthiest, most intelligent and most effective people in history. Nor are they only found in the past. There are very many of them alive and active in this enlightened century—people whose lives have been changed by what they claim to be direct experience of the living Christ: people who have tested their experience as rigorously as they can, and who yet are prepared to stake their lives upon its truth. Such a cloud of witnesses reinforces the age-long belief of the Church that Jesus lives and that we can enter into living fellowship here and now with Him. I would not for a moment claim that all such experiences are valid, or that the mode of them is not conditioned by the psychic quality of the believer. But I do maintain that you cannot dispose of them merely by uttering words like projection or fantasy or visualising or auto-suggestion. The resurrection of Christ has after all been far the most important influence in history. That fact ought to warn us against rejecting it lightly.

The second question arising out of my first talk has to do with the revolts against Christianity in the past and the present. 'Is it not true that the rejection of the Church in Russia or Spain is largely due to the Church's failure? Do not these revolts proceed from the Spirit of God?'

There is one warning to be stated first. I do not believe that 'whatever is, is best' or that everything that happens is directly due to God's will. That is the point of view of the pantheist—of the man who identifies all things with God, and holds that good and bad alike are equally divine. It is not possible here to discuss the problem of free-will and determinism, or to show why Christians believe that although God creates and sustains all things, yet if His character is that of the Father, His children must possess a measure of freedom. They are not and cannot be just automata or robots. There is evil in the world—although one questioner asked if the idea of sin was not out of date: men are ignorant,

mistaken and rebellious. Neither in the Church nor the attacks upon it can we leave the human factor out of account.

In my talk I said as plainly as I could, that I did not believe that the Church was never in the wrong. Nor do I believe that the Spirit of God works only in the Church. History seems to me full of incidents which show that when the Church has been false to its calling, men have been raised up to denounce and condemn it. Such men may not have been Christians. Samuel Butler once wrote that he had denied Christ for Christ's sake; and very many non-Christians could, I believe, say the same. They have renounced Christianity because the conduct of Christians shocked their sense of truth and goodness: they have condemned and attacked the Church for the sake of what they saw to be right.

Now, as I see it, the test of religion is in its fruit in conduct. So Jesus taught when He said, 'Not everyone that says unto me, Lord, Lord . . . but He that doeth the will of my Father'. St. Paul declares that 'the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace', and the rest, and that 'those who are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God'. Justin Martyr, one of the earliest Christian philosophers, claimed that 'those who lived according to the Word—men like Socrates—were Christians even if they were called atheists'.

It is obviously not for me to judge the Church in Russia or in Spain, or those who have denounced and rebelled against them. When we are conscious of our own faults and betrayals of Christ and of the many ways in which the Churches of our own country misrepresent Him, we shall naturally hesitate to condemn the faults of others. Still less can I assume to estimate the motives and character of those who have attacked the Church, or say how far they acted selfishly or impatiently, or how far the harshness and cruelty of some of their deeds can be excused (wrong-doing cannot be justified) by the evils against which they protested. Though men of mixed motives are directly responsible both for failures of the Church and for attacks upon it, these things do not happen apart from God; and His judgments, however slow, are just. The end of these things is not yet: we do not know what will be their full effect. Finally, we can and should learn from them the warning which Jesus gave to His contemporaries and should say to ourselves 'Unless ye repent, ye will all in like manner perish': they should challenge our own Churches to a much-needed reform.

### Persecution is No Proof of Failure

This much more may be said. To the Christian with the thought of the Cross of Christ in his mind it is clear that persecution and suffering cannot be regarded either as proofs or as occasions of failure. That lesson is borne out by Church history. Times of worldly success and popularity mark the low tide, not the flood. It is then that Christians become complacent and slack, quarrelsome and self-seeking. 'Prosperity doth best discover vice', and adversity has exactly the opposite effect. The blood of the martyrs has always been the seed of the Church. It may be (I do not know) that the Churches now being oppressed have deserved to be attacked: it may be that our own failures here in Britain will provoke a similar reaction. But in any case we have a mass of experience to prove that suffering can be redemptive: that, as the Epistle to the Hebrews puts it, 'God chasteneth every son whom He receiveth'; and that just when people are saying 'We have killed the Christ: at last He and His religion are finished', then God raises Him from the dead and renews the life of His Church. In these days, when even in religion we are apt to measure success by very worldly tests, by popularity and numbers and wealth, it is as well for us to remember that our Master's triumph was not won by turning stones into bread, or taking the lordship of the world by force, or working spectacular miracles. It was not won on the Mount of Transfiguration or at the Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem, but in agony and loneliness amid mockery and scorn upon Calvary. The Churches of Russia and



Spain may show us, before all is done, a fresh example of the meaning and power of the imitation of Christ.

Before going to the second of my talks I want to repeat the point that I have just tried to make when I spoke of men of mixed motives. Some people seem to see the world in terms of black and white, and mankind as either sheep or goats, saved or damned. In the same way they speak (and perhaps think) as if every line of conduct could be sharply distinguished as either wholly right or wholly wrong. They talk about absolute purity or absolute honesty as if it were perfectly easy to know what such words mean.

Now, I find all this simplifying of life extraordinarily hard to understand. I believe there is an absolute purity and an absolute honesty, and that I catch glimpses of them in the character of Jesus. But they are far beyond my full comprehension. I want to be honest. Sometimes I want it passionately. But to be honest in a world where I have to buy goods without knowing the conditions under which they were made, and with money that comes from all sorts of unknown sources—how can I be absolutely honest, so long as I have any contact with my fellow-men? Even if my own motives seem pure, I too often find that I act with insufficient knowledge of myself, in ignorance of the real facts, or in unconscious refusal to face them. I can only say with Browning 'How very hard it is to be a Christian!' and try to go on learning.

If there are some of you who feel as I do, perhaps you will let me say this. I get much comfort from the curious fact that Jesus not only held up before men an uncompromising standard for them to follow; but He was amazingly quick to welcome and approve their first tiny efforts to live up to it. He didn't meet people like me by saying, 'If you can't be perfect, I can have no contact with you'; or even, 'If you want to follow me you must begin by giving up this and that, and until you do I shall have nothing to do with you'. He laid down no minimum conditions and no rules. So a man can never say, 'I have done all that is demanded of me'; can never 'bargain for His love and stand Paying a price at His right hand'. We are all unprofitable servants, yes, even the best of us; and none of us need despair.

It is important to say that, because the next question, which I have chosen partly because a number of you have asked questions on similar lines, raises this whole business of how to live Christianly in a mixed and interdependent society. This is it. I quote it in my questioner's own words:

'If John Jones had, say, £2,000 left to him by a relative, he would (and should) try to increase this by earning money with it, and this would be quite in accordance with Bible teaching. If J. J. is a true Christian and wishes to copy Christ, how can he invest this £2,000 so that the dividends or interest derived from it shall be absolutely free from contamination either directly or indirectly?'

### Capitalism as a Social Order

First of all there is the whole problem of the private ownership and control of wealth—the problem of capitalism as a social order. Money means not only opportunity and responsibility, but control over other people's lives. It may be that the person who originally earns this money does so by ability and hard work; and that the interests of the community are best served by giving him control of it. But I am not convinced that it is necessarily Christian or beneficial to allow him to treat his money as a purely private possession which he can dispose of in whatever fashion he likes. Money means power; and experience makes me doubt whether those who are most skilful in amassing it, or who inherit it by bequest, are necessarily the people best qualified to exercise that power. I do not want to suggest that a Christian must necessarily be a Communist or a Socialist—though personally I agree with J. M. Ludlow, one of the greatest social thinkers and workers of the last century, when he said, 'The holding of all things in common must always be the goal of Christian effort'. But I do urge very strongly that in view of Christ's teaching about wealth and of the evident contrasts in its distribution today, no Christian can regard the present system as irreformable or be content to accept it unexamined.

Then there is the further problem of what the mediæval Church called usury. We may agree that whatever our hopes

for the future, it is not wrong for a Christian to have money or to use it to advantage. Indeed, we may well feel that it is a responsibility which he ought to face, a stewardship which calls for much care in its exercise. I cannot myself agree with the Bishop of Gloucester's contention that 'wise investment is the modern equivalent of selling all that you have and giving to the poor'; but a really Christian use of wealth will certainly involve wisdom as well as generosity. Moreover, for the Christian, this wisdom will not ask: How will my money be best secured, or how can I get the biggest income from it? but it will be concerned both that the rate of interest shall be reasonable and just, and that the sum invested shall do the largest amount of good. This means that the investments must be in projects that are both socially valuable and ethically worthy; that the money goes to serve a good purpose and to those whose work is conducted on sound lines.

### A 'White List' for Inventors

The next point is more general. Is it possible in the complexity of modern business to find any investment which is not 'contaminated'? Some of you will remember how a generation ago the Christian Social Union set itself to draw up white lists of shops in which a high standard was set, and how such lists did much to break the evils of sweated labour and to improve the status of the workers. I sometimes think that a similar Guide to Christian Investors ought to be prepared, which should at least set out the sort of projects into which we could put our money with a reasonable confidence. But to compile it would not be easy. We might agree that certain fields of investment ought to be barred; and perhaps suggest that there were others plainly deserving of support. But I suspect that most businesses are like most people—good in parts but entangled with much that is undesirable if not actively evil.

This whole question of tainted money is much wider than the matter of investments. Several listeners have written to me about tithes and Church finance, and evidently feel that Christians ought to put their own houses in order before they talk about reforming society. That is natural. Everyone of us who preaches to others must constantly wish that his own life were less unworthy of his Master. No one who loves the Church can be quite happy about its ownership of mining royalties or ground-rents or tithes; and, as you know, many efforts are being made in all the denominations to remove such causes of offence. I speak as a fool in such matters—but not such a fool as to think the question is a simple one. I know a certain number of tithe-payers: some of them find it a crushing burden, and some think it unjust and unjustifiable. I also know many clergy who depend upon tithe for their living and have to face extreme privation when it is not paid. There is certainly hardship for both parties in the present system; and, though the system is ancient and legally approved, it is certainly very unsatisfactory and ought, I feel sure, to be reformed. But that an ancient, legal and thoroughly understood obligation can be honourably repudiated, or for that matter easily altered, is surely not the case. Probably all Christians ought to care, far more than most of them do, not only about the sources of their own money, but about the financial activities of their Church. I am afraid that some of us who get excited over the denunciation of raffles at bazaars are apt to accept speculation on a larger scale as natural and legitimate.

Finally, a number of questions draw attention to the existence either of such evils among Christians or of cruelty, destruction and pain in the universe, and ask how such a condition of things is compatible with belief in God. The problem thus raised is, of course, fundamental and persistent: it has been already discussed in earlier sections of these talks. All that I can add is this: Christ's claim is not that evil is non-existent, but that it can be overcome. His Gospel, both for the individual and for society, is one of redemption. The love that suffers is His reply to the sin of the world: the Cross is the symbol and instrument of His victory. There is in Him no sign either of the shallow optimism which shuts its eyes to the problem nor of the sceptical pessimism which despairs of its solution. He warned men plainly of the fact and effects of evil. He challenges them to follow His way of overcoming it; and, as very many of you have testified to me, those who accept Him verify for themselves His assurance—'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world'.



# Exhibition of Russian Art

Further details of this Exhibition will be found on page 949



Four Icons

Above: A Prophet. Early 16th-century North Russian, influenced by Novgorod School  
Below: St. Constantine, Helen and Agatha, Novgorod School, middle 14th century. Both lent by M. Popoff

Above: Virgin of Tikhvin. Late 16th-century North Russian, Novgorod tradition. Lent by M. Popoff  
Below: Nativity. Late 14th century, in direct association with Byzantine art of the period. Lent by à la Vieille Russie, Paris





Fabergé ornaments. Left to right: Guitar player, made of various precious stones (lent by Wartski); jade frog (lent by Lady Juliet Duff); rowan berry, with jade leaves and gold stem, and jade piano (both lent by H.M. The Queen), and a yellow enamel and gold box, studded with diamonds (lent by Wartski)



Metal Work. Left: A bowl which belonged to Boris Godounov (16th century). Centre: 17th-century niello bowl. Right: kovsh or ladle of the period of Ivan the Terrible (16th century). All lent by M. Lubovich



Left to right: Goblet which belonged to Peter the Great; decanter with six compartments, period Empress Elizabeth c. 1760; covered goblet of the Empress Anne's c. 1730 (all lent by Prince Gallitzine), and a black-and-gold-engraved goblet, c. 1760 (lent by Wartski)



## 'Guilty' or 'Not Guilty'?

By JOHN HILTON

*Some reflections on the case of John Binney, the Sheffield man who was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for writing menacing letters demanding money, and discharged, after serving ten months of his sentence*

**S**EVEREN years' penal servitude, and John Binney was as innocent of the crime as you or I. Does that leave you unmoved? You know what happened. Experts came forward and said that the writing on the threatening letters looked more or less like his writing, and that the ink of the letters was like that in an inkpot in his house. The usual people came forward in the usual way and said they positively identified him as a man they had seen weeks and weeks before lurking about the road-house to which the threatening letters were sent. On this, with other evidence, the jury found him guilty. He was sent to penal servitude for seven years.

Months went by. He was in Dartmoor protesting his innocence, but of course protesting in vain. Then right out of the blue the threatening letters began again, in exactly the same handwriting as before. He couldn't have written this lot. It followed that he hadn't written the original lot. The Home Secretary intervened. He referred the case with its new evidence to the Court of Criminal Appeal. John Binney, the 31-year-old Sheffield fitter, after serving ten months for a crime of which he was innocent, was found not guilty and discharged. John Binney owes his respite from another six years of prison to the fact that the sap-headed schoolboy or semi-imbecile who *did* write the letters took it into his crazy head to start again. He owes his release to that and to nothing else.

Let us look back and see how this miscarriage of justice occurred and ask ourselves what we can do to make it less possible in future for a man to go to prison for a crime he has not committed, and for the real culprit to go free.

First the handwriting. When told that he was suspected of sending letters demanding money with menaces, John Binney replied that he had done nothing of the kind, and offered at once to hunt out or set down specimens of his handwriting in proof of his innocence. The specimens of his handwriting were taken; and they were handed, with the threatening letters, to what are called 'handwriting experts'. Now, mark! The experts were asked to compare the two specimens of handwriting, and to say whether the threatening letters had or had not been written in a disguised hand, by the person under arrest. Both experts came into court to give their expert evidence. Both had found many similarities between the straightforward writing of Binney and the writing on the threatening letters. There were all manner of differences, they agreed; but the differences, they said, were due to the disguising of the hand. In their opinion the differences were nothing; what mattered was the similarities. The similarities were such that one thought it 'probable' Binney had written the threatening letters and the other thought it 'certain'. You can imagine the effect upon John Binney's chances of acquittal.

Now the ink. John Binney's mother's house was searched, and naturally the searchers found a penny bottle of ink. Naturally. What house hasn't got a bottle of ink? The expert was asked to examine chemically the ink on the threatening letter and the ink in the bottle, and say if they were the same. He came into court to give his evidence. The ink in the bottle *was* the same as the ink on the letters. The jury heard, and noted, 'Similar handwriting; the same ink'. Now things were really black for Binney.

But do you see the catch? Do you see why the expert opinion was worthless, and ought never to have been given? The expert evidence in this and innumerable other earlier cases was worthless because the experts were asked the wrong questions in the wrong way. I'm an expert myself on some subjects, and I speak with knowledge. To get the right answer from an expert you must ask him the right question.

Take any two documents and submit them to an expert. Tell him there is reason to suspect that one person wrote both. Ask him if he can find any similarities to support that. What will you get? Of course he'll find similarities. Allow him to assume that one was written in a disguised hand or style and there is no knowing what conclusion he may come to. You are

asking him, 'Is it possible that one man wrote both?' Of course it's possible. How could it not be possible? And then, by easy steps, 'possible' becomes 'probable', and 'probable' becomes 'certain', and a man who has nothing in the world to do with the affair goes to penal servitude for seven years.

You have asked the expert the wrong question in the wrong way and it isn't his fault that he has given the wrong answer. What, then, ought the expert to be asked, and how? In the first place, it is wrong, scientifically wrong, to give him one specimen of handwriting only, that of the suspected person. If that is done the odds are tragically heavy and his evidence will incriminate that person, whether innocent or guilty, in the eyes of the jury. You mustn't put just two things before him and ask him if there are similarities. You must, in cases like this, get together five, ten, twenty specimens of handwriting (let us say twenty) throw in among them the paper with the prisoner's handwriting, and ask the expert, who doesn't know one from the other, to select from among the twenty-one specimens the one with handwriting *most like* that on the threatening letter. Let him make his examination; give him all the time and help he wants, but give him no clue whatever to which is the suspected handwriting; then bring him before the court and ask him for his testimony. Do you see the difference? If he picks the wrong one or says he finds the greatest similarities in two or three that do not include the prisoner's handwriting, the jury knows that the handwriting evidence is of no account or is in the prisoner's favour. If, on the other hand, he picks out the prisoner's from among all the rest, then the jury may rightly say 'that is something to be taken into account'.

Now the ink. What should be done in future regarding such evidence as that given about the ink? Exactly the same. No expert ought to be asked 'Is the ink on this document the same as the ink in that bottle which was found in the prisoner's house?' That question was put to the expert in this case. He replied, quite rightly no doubt. 'The ink used is the same as that in the bottle'. You can imagine, every one of you, the effect upon the jury. And what was that evidence worth? Absolutely nothing. No fault of the expert. He had been asked a question; he had answered it to the best of his ability. But it was the wrong question. Listen! The prisoner lived in Sheffield. The defence pointed out later that 20,000 bottles of that same ink had been sold in Sheffield and district about that time, while another firm made similar ink of which large quantities had been sold. But the mischief was done. The impression made by expert evidence can't be wiped out by any process of explaining away. There should have been collected from a dozen or a score of houses in Sheffield a dozen or score of other ink bottles, and the expert should have been asked to say how many and which of the twenty-one contained ink similar in analysis to that on the threatening letter. In this case he would have almost certainly have had to answer 'Any half-dozen of them might have been used'. If he had said that, the jury would have noted 'Expert evidence established nothing'.

I'm seeking to establish a principle. I have been following for years past case after case in which this kind of thing has been done, and in which innocent men and women have come within an ace of losing liberty or life. That principle is that you must not assume that two things which appear to have similarities are specially related until you have made sure that the similarities are peculiar to those two things.

Our British judicial procedure is I believe one of the best in the world. But it is not perfect! It needs constantly to be corrected as faults disclose themselves and new needs arise. Our legal procedure embodies many rules framed to protect the minds of the jury from unwarranted suggestion or influence. That procedure has been shaped through long ages. The scientific expert is a comparative newcomer on the legal scene. The age-long procedure doesn't cover him and the harm he may quite unwittingly do. The time has come to frame new rules to ensure that he is asked the right questions in the right way.





Speaight's journey through the States: the dotted line shows how far he has still to travel

### The American Half-Hour

## Through the Southern States

Arranged by ALISTAIR COOKE

COOKE: This time we join our Englishman again in his trip round the States. He is almost at the end of a two days' train journey south and east to North Carolina. Already at odd stations in Kentucky he is hearing strange drawling voices he can sometimes barely understand. Which doesn't matter much because their owners can barely understand him either—to an American, especially one from the South, an Englishman's mouth seems to be all consonants and no vowels, sometimes, they say, all plums. To an Englishman a Southerner is all vowels and no consonants. These Southern States—at least the Virginias, the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Louisiana, are a broad crescent stretching first south and then west.

The Southern countryside is a tumbled sea of green . . . along the swampy coast of cypress trees and mangroves, then sweeping up inland across to the Allegheny mountains a 200-mile belt of stiff pines striding up to the ridges of the mountains to a narrow belt of larch and laurel through which Speaight's tiny train is threading. Let Rosalie Hull of Georgia begin by telling him and us what the South is and what the South is not.

ROSALIE HULL: The South, like Ireland, is one thing in drama and popular songs and another in fact.

Probably the first thing that will strike the European about the real South of today will be the softened accent which is that of the Southern part of every European country.

His next suspicion will be the quite accurate one that there are a great many more negroes about than in the North and West. This is important, for the negro remains, as he has done for nearly two centuries, at once the hope and despair of the South: the hope, because even today a great part of the economic life of the South is based upon a cheap and abundant supply of negro labour; the despair, because the problem of assimilating the negro as a citizen with equal rights and responsibilities with the whites is still a long way from being solved.

You will have to stay longer to discover that the modern South is, perhaps even more than the rest of the United States,

a land in transition. It is still chiefly agricultural; but parts of it have become industrialised, and other parts decided to become a few years ago the winter playground for the rest of America. One result is that the Southern States can send to Washington men as different as Senator Huey Long of Louisiana and Mr. Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State. Both represent present-day Southern life, but they are as far apart as the poles: one is a breezy, outspoken politician accused by his enemies of wanting a dictatorship; the other is an old-school free-trader whose outlook differs little from Thomas Jefferson.

In the States which comprised the Confederacy there are still Kentucky Colonels and Virginia plantation-owners. There are also North Carolina cotton-mill workers and coloured Doctors of Philosophy; first-generation European immigrants in Alabama steel works, and Tennessee mountaineers who are perhaps the purest Anglo-Saxon stock in America, and who use more words that Shakespeare would recognise than does anyone in England. There are Louisianans who speak French more easily than they speak English, and Texans who are more at home in Spanish. They are all Southern, but all different.

One common tag, perhaps, there may be. They are mostly all Democrats in politics, but there are as many kinds of Southern Democrats as there are supporters of the British National Government. In the South you must be a Democrat first; but after that you can believe in almost anything.

We are a mixed lot, but on the whole conservative and don't like new ideas; anyway, we like to take life less stridently than in the North. And perhaps you—as English people—would find it a relief.

COOKE: Through the green, lush State of North Carolina, Speaight passes and slows down to get off his train at Charlotte. Pouring off the train with him are a few overseers and bosses—lanky, sallow men in business trousers held by a leather belt over an open shirt; a broker or two from Chicago, mingling on the station with two men from a shipping office in New Orleans; a dozen pretty girls stopped off at Charlotte on their way up to college at Sweet Briar, Virginia; rather small, graceful



women with slow voices; from one single, separate car in the rear of the train a score or two of negroes—negroes in blue overalls, their hands in their pockets; negroes with bundles of clothes and food; large negresses swinging tiny children like chocolate dolls in their arms, minute children with wide mouths, dazzling teeth, and huge eyes that gape and smile at the strangest, the most foreign of all the spectacles on this station—an Englishman.

A half-hour later Speaight is sitting out—not on a verandah—but on a sloping lawn that goes down to bristling pine forest . . . sitting with his host, Robert Lassiter.

SPEAIGHT: Even to me, I can see it's a different world.

LASSITER: A Northerner would feel the same way, I guess. I remember one of the most socially graceful people in New York didn't know what to do with his hands or feet in the South when he came down to a country club dance here.

SPEAIGHT: How do you feel when you go North?

LASSITER: Oh, I'm a pretty sad sight. If you could see me asking my way round New York, really, it's something that would make you cry. When I first went North to college—Yale—I was pretty lonesome. I was around college for weeks with no friends. I didn't know how to approach them, all except the guy who roomed across from me.

SPEAIGHT: Was he a Southerner?

LASSITER: He was the Crown Prince of Siam. Then I remember once bringing a room-mate of mine, a Northerner, down here to stay with me—oh, it's a silly incident but it shows: my kid brother was home from school and he was going to show the Northerner the two ways of eating a soft-boiled egg, and my friend said, 'That's the way I've always eaten them'. And my kid brother came right back with: 'You goddam Yankees know it all, don't you?' That's silly but you gather . . .

SPEAIGHT: Yes, I see. But I suppose really this North *v.* South business is a fiction?

LASSITER: Oh, no, it's there all the time. Remember the Civil War was only seventy years ago. They still have Confederate Soldiers' reunions in Charlotte here. A lot of old codgers get together (they were probably drummer boys in the war) and tell each other about the 7,000 Northerners they saw rolling

LASSITER: I'll tell you . . . we know about the poverty and illiteracy of some of the workers, the share-croppers. But we hate anybody who gets up and preaches about it . . . and most of all, we resent a Southerner doing it.

SPEAIGHT: What's this row going on in the correspondence columns of *Time*—Erskine Caldwell's in it . . .

LASSITER: Well, there now. Erskine Caldwell, who writes



Charleston: the central portion of the College, built on the 'old brick barrack' which played a conspicuous part during the siege of the city  
E.N.A.

plays and stories mostly about the poor farms of Georgia, wrote about the state of some share croppers twenty-five miles from Augusta, Georgia. Let's find that copy. Here—listen.

'In 1934 a tenant farmer in Jefferson County was unable, because of old age and illness, to work out his crop . . . after several weeks the landowner decided he was too old and ill to work, and he was evicted . . . Near Keysville a two-room house is occupied by three families each consisting of man and wife and from one to four children each . . . in one of the two rooms a six-year-old boy licked the paper bag which the meat had been brought in . . . ' And so on.

SPEAIGHT: So?

LASSITER: Well, *we* know about evictions and forced tradings and suffering, but we resent having Northerners write it up. . . A week after Erskine Caldwell's stuff appeared, *Time* was overwhelmed with letters from the South nearly all shouting 'yellow-bellied Yankees'. Listen to this one from a man in Virginia . . .

' . . . You better leave town after quoting from that smart-aleck Erskine Caldwell, because the Chamber of Commercences south of the Potomac will want to tar and feather you and ride you on a rail for your dastardly inference that folks are starving in the South. I'll have you to know that we might have illiteracy, hookworm, inertia, pellagra and malnutrition, but never starvation'.

SPEAIGHT: But among the same class of people in the North and South there's no reason any longer for jealousy, is there?

LASSITER: I don't know. You see, all the traditional life, the South you hear about . . . Northerners have

muscled in on that. Socially they settled in Virginia. They moved their plants from the North in the first place because labour was cheap in the South. They have their shooting clubs in Georgia, duck shooting and hunting lodges, mostly owned by Northerners . . .



Florida swamp, a paradise for wild fowl and alligators

E.N.A.

on their backs. I know hundreds of people who can't bear a Yankee. It's not long ago since the father of a State Senator, whose father had had his eye put out in a Federal prison by a guard, followed the guard North and shot him.

SPEAIGHT: Good Lord!



SPEAIGHT: When did they start coming?

LASSITER: In the boom. It was the broker's dream to have a plantation where he could come and play the Southern colonel.

SPEAIGHT: I'm sorry to harp on this . . . but where's the South *versus* North feeling spring from?

LASSITER: Well, directly from the Civil War.

SPEAIGHT: What would you say the Civil War was fought for?

LASSITER: Ask a Middle-Westerner and he'll say he fought to keep the Union alive.

SPEAIGHT: And a Northerner?

LASSITER: He'll say he fought to abolish slavery, which is probably the only cause of the Civil War you know.

SPEAIGHT: Yes, I'm afraid it is. . . .

LASSITER: Well, remember, even Lincoln said, 'If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it'.

SPEAIGHT: And what would you, as a Southerner, say you fought for?

LASSITER: We fought for States' rights, we fought for independence, we fought to keep the States sovereign. Incidentally, you might notice, in comparing the prosperity of the North with us, that in the South all the upper classes did the fighting and one whole generation was killed off. The North didn't seem to have any ancestors in the war; historically I guess that's not true; but it's the way *we* feel about it.

COOKE: Speaight goes on down through the Carolinas to Charleston, and then on into Alabama, where he changes trains and stops at a diner. There, at a place called Flomaton, he runs into Bill March, who before long is telling him, and is here to tell us, about his childhood in Alabama.

MARCH: Well, I really came from Mobile . . . it's about fifty miles from here, and I suppose my childhood wouldn't fit in with anything you've heard about the South. When the rest of America was being swamped by Germans and Irish and Poles my part of the world remained pretty isolated. As a child I didn't know anything else but English and Scotch people. They settled the place in the eighteenth century and even the Yankees don't seem to have crept down among us.

SPEAIGHT: Aren't the people very illiterate and inbred?

MARCH: I don't know about inbreeding, but I do know most of the people around there were exceptionally cultivated. And they certainly had and have a more rigid social code than any place I know of in the East. They are all pretty poor . . . old ladies will give parties and dress in grand clothes they wore in 1900, and they'll receive each other with great ceremony in these almost bare old houses.

SPEAIGHT: Why bare?

MARCH: They have so little money. But don't think we're illiterate . . . they were reading Hardy when London was wondering if he was a dangerous author. Faulkner says nobody in his own town ever reads his books. Well, that's rot. I was reading Faulkner round the corner here before he was heard of in New York.

You know you ought to go up to Fair Hope if you want to see an isolated colony. It's got T. F. Powys licked. It's a colony of the strangest cults: one year it's parlour communism, another week it's a new religion. I remember an old lady up there who said 'Thank Heaven there were never any eccentrics in my family'. At that time her husband was living in a tree.

COOKE: Across into the State of Mississippi, Speaight can see from his train that what were once pine forests have been cleared for the growing of cotton and tobacco or Indian corn. On the edge of the cotton clearings are the negroes' cabins and round the corner the houses of the white tenants, shacks of unpainted board and . . . sometimes, like this one we're looking at, a prosperous one owned by the planter himself. There he sits on the verandah of a large white painted wooden house, a lanky desiccated fellow, the landlord, moneylender, provision merchant, overseer and general boss of ten or more families of

tenants. He sits and looks up the road and wonders if his dignity can take him to the corner filling station to gossip and play a game of billiards: but the radio announces that middling spot cotton at New Orleans has just touched fourteen cents, and the landlord stays at home. Now Speaight moves on towards Louisiana.

When Napoleon sold Louisiana to the young American Republic for £3,000,000 he said 'I have given England a rival'. And of all the Southern States Louisiana is richest and strangest in its crops. Louisiana provides college boys with their coonskin coats; it provides coffee for every third cup drunk in the United States. If you have a mink coat, it probably came from there. Whether your passion is strawberries or shrimps, figs or frogs' legs, Louisiana produces staggering quantities of them every year. Louisiana has timber and turpentine, cucumber and cattle, millions of muskrats and millions of waterfowl. Oil and petroleum flow without stint. Louisiana has cemeteries above ground and great cypresses swinging over its swamps. Louisiana has acres and acres of sugar cane, but ten years ago the sugar industry was on the point of suicide, and this is why. For decades Louisiana teemed with acres of green cane. In 1919 a cane expert, speaking for nobody but himself, said 'Beware'. In 1925 the mosaic disease descended on the sugar and wiped out almost the entire plant from Louisiana. The State called experts and conferences and knew no way of restoring the crop. At a last desperate conference someone remembered a man who had been in Argentina. He was a quiet man in a one-room office in New Orleans. They sent for him. He came to them in spectacles and shirt-sleeves. They asked him if he knew any salvation for Louisiana's sugar. He said 'P.O.J.234'. The conference was bewildered, but he told them of another man who could give them three stalks of cane from Java. They took these three stalks and planted them. And the next year this new cane doubled the previous output of sugar. It was immune to the disease: it saved Louisiana's life. And today there is scarcely a man, woman or child in Louisiana who doesn't know the magic letters—P.O.J.

Louisiana has muskrats and opossum, thousands of blue geese, alligators . . . and Senator Huey Long.

Speaight's train nears New Orleans, greatest of the Southern ports, where 'Old Man River', after its two-and-a-half thousand miles' journey, pours itself into the sea.

## *A Switch Cut in April*

This thin elastic stick was plucked  
From gradual growing in a hedge  
Where early mist awakened leaf  
And late damp hands with spiral stroke  
Smoothed slumber from the weighted day  
While flowers drooped with colours furled.

I cut quick circles with the stick:  
It whistles in the April air  
An eager song, a bugle call,  
A signal for the running feet,  
For rising flyer flashing sun,  
And windy tree with surging crest.

This pliant wood like expert whip  
Snaps action in its voice; commands  
A quiver from the sloth, achieves  
A jerk in buds; with stinging lash  
A spring of movement in the stiff  
And sleeping limbs of winter land.

Stick plucked and peeled, companions lost.  
Torn from its rooted stock: I hold  
Elate and lithe within my hand  
Winged answer to the wings' impulse,  
The calyx breaking into flame,  
The crystal cast into the light.

CLIFFORD DYMENT





Battle between stag-beetle and pelidnota



Water-beetle attacking a frog under water

Photos: Dorien Leigh

## Nature Notes

*Hunters and Hunted*

By ALAN BEST

WHEN we look at the creatures and birds around us, we notice at once that each one is either hunting or being hunted. There is no doubt that if we tried to keep a selection of the creatures best known to us in captivity together, we should soon find that certain species would be threatened by total extinction by the others. And this makes us wonder by what method so many varieties of species have managed to escape extinction in the natural world. In a state of prosperity, all nature tends to obey the injunction to be 'plentiful and multiply', but any appreciable increase in numbers brings with it a threat of starvation, and also a threat of disease, for animals, like human beings, abhor overcrowding.

But nature has arranged some compensating characteristics so as to insure survival for the more defenceless creatures. The commonest natural safeguard against extinction which has been given to the defenceless is extreme fertility. A pair of rabbits may produce their first litter in early spring. Before this first litter has reached maturity a second litter has been produced to be followed in a few weeks by a third—by which time the first litter has started a family on its own account: so that by the end of a year one pair of rabbits, if they had suffered no bereavements in their family, might be responsible for more than forty descendants.

But the casualties among rabbits are very heavy, as they are preyed upon by most other animals, including the inter-

esting family of weasels. These little creatures can be seen in almost every part of the British Isles, and are well worth watching. They are completely fearless, and blessed with a build which makes it easy for them to track down rabbits and smaller game in their holes and burrows. They have small pointed heads, long thick necks of great muscular strength, and slender wiry bodies, with very short legs. It is said that if one of these creatures once starts on the trail of a rabbit or a rat, it never gives up until it runs its victim down; this is not altogether true where game is plentiful, but it may in some degree account for the way in which a rabbit, when confronted by a weasel or stoat, lies down and squeals with terror, instead of making use of its much greater speed in order to escape.

All over the country weasels and stoats are reputed to have a hypnotic power over their victims, and there are various records of their executing a weird sort of dance in order to fascinate birds—leaping, twisting and rolling on the ground. My own observation inclines me to think that curiosity, rather than fear, is the birds' undoing. I remember coming on a pair of stoats playing by a stream in North-umberland. They were



Wild duck in the clutches of a red-tailed hawk

completely engrossed in their own play, and took no notice whatever of three birds, which were sitting on the ground a few feet away, apparently fascinated by their antics. The birds looked startled, but were quite silent, and did not attempt to move—even when the stoats rolled to within a foot



of them. When the two stoats rushed out of sight over the bank of the stream, all three birds flew to a strand of wire a few inches above the ground, from which they could see over the edge, and stood craning their necks, watching for the stoats to return. From experiences like this, it would not take a stoat long to learn to use similar tactics with the deliberate intent of fascinating game.

The method of attack used by these creatures is usually a bite at the base of the skull, or the neck. They use the same method when fighting among themselves, as they often do, for they are a very pugnacious family. When fighting, they move remarkably quickly until they get a grip, which they hold. I have quite often found stoats which have been killed in these fights. There is the mark of just one bite at the side of the neck, and the mark shows clearly that the grip must have been held for a considerable time.

This tendency to fight among themselves answers to some extent the question, 'What checks the increase of animals on which nothing preys?' It is a tendency found amongst wolves and many of the more ferocious wild animals.

At this point, I should like to draw your attention to the lot of the hunted. We think with pity of the large families of

In the bird world there are some very interesting and varied types of hunters. Amongst birds of prey I think falcons are outstanding for their beauty and skill. They prey almost entirely on birds taken on the wing. Rising high above their intended victim they descend, with almost the speed of a rocket, and strike it dead in mid-air. A swoop of this kind, if starting from a great height, requires the most perfect accuracy, as the falcon must fall within an inch or so of its quarry at a speed at which a collision would be fatal to both. But a bird attacked by a falcon is not necessarily killed. Nature seems to have provided most birds with the instinct to take cover at the first appearance of a hawk—or, if they are at a distance from cover, their instinct tells them to fly upward as fast as they can in an attempt to keep above their pursuer. It is a marvellous sight to see a clever lark avoiding the repeated swoops of a merlin, and climbing for its life into the sky.

Young falcons are very voracious and normally eat more than their own weight of food each day. The parents usually provide much more than is necessary—sometimes a fantastic amount. One pair of falcons were recorded as bringing sixteen pigeons to their young in a single day.

Gulls are great fishermen, and rely chiefly on the sea for their food supply. But there is one branch of the gull family which has become too lazy to do its own fishing, and has become parasitic. These birds are the skuas, of which there are several varieties. They are swift and graceful, and follow flocks of feeding gulls. When hungry a skua will single out a gull from the flock and fly after it at terrific speed, following every twist and turn of its flight and at the same time screaming loudly until the gull from sheer fear disgorges the fish it has swallowed. Instantly the skua swoops downward, and catches the disgorged morsel before it reaches the water.

If the unfortunate gull tries to seek safety by alighting on the water, the skua soon forces it into the air again by a series of vicious swoops. A skua has, I believe, been known to strike and kill a gull which it was attacking in this manner.

The hunters of the insect world are by no means less interesting, and sometimes display a forethought in their plan of campaign which is quite staggering. The black-banded spider wasp can be seen in

sandy places all over the country. It is about half-an-inch long, and walks about very quickly on the sand, constantly buzzing its wings. The female wasp, when about to lay an egg, hunts for a particular species of spider, which is considerably larger than herself. She injects him with a poison which paralyses but does not kill him. She then drags her helpless victim off by the leg to the spot she has chosen, where she has dug a grave big enough to hold his body. Although the body is so much bigger than her own, she manages to put it in the hole, and then lays an egg on top of it. After that she fills in the hole, and when the egg hatches the grub will find a plentiful supply of fresh food closed up safely in its nursery with it by its foresighted parent.

Even caterpillars, which are contented with a vegetable diet, have their share in controlling the spread of vegetation. This they do largely through the preference of each different species of caterpillar for some particular kind of vegetable food. I once watched a case of mutual destruction of plants and caterpillars that I was able to watch near my house in South Wales. There was a small isolated area, about an acre in extent, on which was growing a quantity of ragwort. When I first noticed it the plants were healthy, and, with a few exceptions, were free from the caterpillars of the cinnabar moth, which feed on it. The following year, the ragwort had greatly increased, but so had the caterpillars, which by autumn had eaten most of the lower leaves of the plants. By the third year the caterpillars had increased to such an extent, that they had completely devoured every leaf and bud of the ragwort before it was able to flower, and also before the caterpillars themselves were ready to pupate. The consequence was that the ragwort did not seed that year, and most of the caterpillars died of starvation.



Newt devouring young ants

creatures born to be preyed upon, and selected by nature, because of their very helplessness, to be the chief food supply for numbers of predatory birds and beasts. Perhaps we picture these creatures living miserable, fear-haunted lives, with the dread of sudden death always present to them. But actually I believe that this is not so at all. I have sat hidden near rabbit holes, and even mouse holes, for hours to watch them come out to feed, but except when they were actually aware of my presence, they seemed to all appearances entirely carefree. In this connection I remember one incident which particularly impressed me. I had just picked out with my field-glasses a rabbit struggling in a trap, when a buzzard came gliding down and killed it. As the buzzard sat tearing the carcase to pieces, other rabbits came out of their holes, and began to feed all round it, some within only a few yards.

Foxes have a very strong scent—strong enough, as in most animals, for their enemies to trace them by it. Curiously enough, this scent becomes much weaker during the breeding season, as if nature were trying to give them a sporting chance. This happens also I believe when they are very hard pressed by hounds. Most wild creatures when hunted seem to realise the importance of breaking the line of their scent, and foxes have been seen to run along railway tracks, along the tops of high fences, through drain pipes and even into the middle of a flock of sheep, in an attempt to throw hounds off their track. Another trick used by foxes, and by deer too, is to substitute a fresh animal when they themselves are nearly spent. This they seem to do quite deliberately. They will run for a short distance along the trail of another animal, and then slip off at an angle to a place of safety, leaving the hounds to follow the stronger scent of the fresh animal.



## Faith and Freedom

(Continued from page 943)

On the other hand, the liberty which is rooted in divine sonship, though normally an ally of duly constituted authority, and always a support to the essential principle of society, will become the most implacable and the most irrepressible enemy of authority if this interferes with the springs of free human action in the life of the spirit itself. Calvinist followers of William the Silent in Holland, Covenanters in Scotland, and in our own time the pastors of the 'Confessional' Church in Germany, have given examples of this principle. It is true that those who have suffered for freedom of conscience have by no means always conceded it to their opponents in the day of their own power. But this does not alter the quality of the resistance which they have offered, and are offering now, to attempts on the part of the civic authority to dictate to men's consciences in the spiritual sphere. As the State will if it is prudent not go far in repression of self-assertive liberty, so also if it is prudent it will not go far in assuming the pliability or the subservience of that religiously grounded liberty which is normally its ally.

### The Value of the Citizen to the State

But these are only prudential considerations; there are others far more profound which call for attention. For the appropriate attitude of the State to its citizens must largely be determined by the question what is the true destiny of those citizens and the source of their value. If the citizen as he confronts the State is merely an episode in the passing stream of the generations, if he is rooted only in transient history, then both in duration and in significance the State vastly surpasses him, and indeed his value is nothing more nor less than his value to the State or to the community. The State in dealing with him need consider no interest but its own. His welfare is a part of the welfare of the State, and to that extent the State will regard it; but his welfare is so infinitesimal a fraction of the interest of the State that regard for it will not appreciably affect the action of the State.

On the other hand, if each several man is a child of God, created for eternal fellowship with his heavenly Father, the State is called upon to treat him according to that dignity and in preparation for that destiny. All temporal interests—the State's especial concern—are then recognised to be of secondary importance; the true ends of life are such as the State may facilitate but can never create. Plato held that no one should be permitted to govern unless he was unwilling to do so. The immediate object of this prohibition was to avoid the abuse of political power for selfish ends. But we can see in it—and Plato helps us to see this—a deeper principle. It is not absurd to suppose that we are in this country comparatively successful in the handling of our political problems precisely because we never for any long time at once take politics quite seriously. Foreign visitors are sometimes startled to see posters announcing 'England's downfall' and to find that this refers to the fact that a cricket team representing the Marylebone Cricket Club has been compelled to 'follow on'. No doubt we show a lack of proportion. But when all is said, cricket belongs in one true sense to a higher category than politics, for it is, like every game, an end in itself, whereas politics, as the term is commonly understood, are concerned with means to ends. The game may be a very unimportant end; and the political question of the hour may concern the means to very important ends. The policy of this country towards India certainly matters more than any Test Match; yet the Test Match has in itself all the importance that belongs to it at all, whereas the importance of our Indian policy lies not in itself but in its results. The really good things of life—religion, friendship, art, science, sport—these things are mainly independent of politics; they are activities of the free spirit of man; and those peoples—even those statesmen—will most wisely handle their political perplexities who know that the real goods of life lie in this extra-political region, for which politicians should be mainly concerned to secure and to widen the boundaries. But among all these true ends in life, it is religion alone which has the grandeur of range and quality to compel the political interest to confession of its subordination.

The State which thus recognises in its citizens a dignity superior to its own must of necessity recognise also its obligation to serve that God Who confers this dignity upon them. It is not in themselves but in their relationship to Him that they are greater than the State; consequently the State can only recognise that quality in them so far as it acknowledges God and His universal sovereignty. This will lead it to act by the conviction that mankind is one family, and to join in giving expression to that belief so far as opportunities present themselves. In our time, for example, it will involve that diminution of the nation's complete external sovereignty which consists in abandonment of the claim to be judge in its own cause—a claim which cannot successfully be advanced by more than one party to any dispute. The policy which is described in the phrase 'pooled security' is, so far as it goes, congruous with the belief that all nations are members of one family—the family of God. In political discussion it is wise to use political phrases; and 'pooled security' is one that has the political advantage of indicating self-interest as well as true idealism. But the ideal must be recognised and accepted—the ideal of equal justice administered through agencies representative, so far as may be, of the general welfare.

I have spoken in a manner that almost attributes personality to the State; I have spoken of the State recognising this and accepting that. In practice, of course, the State is a number of gentlemen, very capable and high-principled, but rather weary and bewildered—some of them politicians and some of them civil servants. We owe them an incalculable debt; they are bearing our burden. But when we say that the State should recognise this or accept that, we are demanding this recognition and acceptance of ordinary flesh and blood in the persons of men who have not even the advantage of being able to think and speak with individual independence; for they are representatives. It is their duty—not only their interest, but their duty—to consider both what seems to themselves to be wisest and also what public opinion, which is ourselves, will tolerate or demand. Consequently it is not chiefly in the political arena that the conflict must be waged which will determine the great question whether or not the State shall recognise the supreme sovereignty of God and the right to freedom inherent in all men as His children. Where the citizens effectively believe in God, the State will acknowledge Him.

### Those Who Are Truly Free

Such effective belief must not be a matter of opinion only. To some people it seems almost absurd to suppose that very much really depends on the presence or absence of belief. Belief seems to them a private concern of each individual, which can have no vital consequence. And if belief is only opinion, that is true. If, when a man says that he believes in God, what he means is that, not having given much thought to the matter, he is inclined to suppose that there probably exists a Being who may not inappropriately be called God—then truly it does not matter whether in that sense he believes or not; indeed from the religious standpoint it is better that he should not, for then he will be free from self-deceit and open to receive a living faith if the right appeal to call it forth should reach him. But if what a man means by belief in God is that he lives, or even tries to live, by actual trust in God, the Father of all men, whose character is that of Jesus Christ, it becomes absurd to ask what difference this will make, for it must obviously make a vital difference to every relationship in life, not least to political relationships.

We have drifted away from any such dominating and pervading faith, even if as a people we have ever possessed it, or rather been possessed by it. The result is that to be a Christian is now often understood as meaning to show the amiable kindness which treats all men as they like to be treated. But the Christian is before all else one who believes in God and for whom his relationship to God through Christ is the primary fact of existence. Consequently for him the initial requirement is a personal integrity, which is in him another aspect of humility, because both are grounded in an absence of self-concern and concentration upon God. Thus he has in his own person



an inalienable freedom; he is independent of neighbours and circumstance, because he is rooted and grounded in God. But God is Love. Consequently this independence is not detachment or aloofness, but expresses itself in service freely offered to those whom he recognises as equally with himself children of God. This service will not be a concern for their whims or fancies; it would be an insult to a denizen of eternity to pay much heed to these; it will be service rendered to that true image of God in them by which they are linked to himself. So there springs up the frankness that always exists among those who are truly free.

To me it seems that in the matter of social honesty a wholly false standard is widely accepted, and this is undermining both personal and social integrity. To avoid causing unpleasantness has been exalted into a primary obligation; no moral standard, it seems, is to be maintained against a really eager desire to ignore it; any falsehood may be spoken rather than a displeasing truth; fundamental convictions must be lightly regarded if some acquaintance holds different and incompatible convictions. This frame of mind finds its fullest expression in the monstrous convention that, if it is decided that a marriage is to be dissolved, the husband should falsely pose as the 'guilty' partner. But what is so obvious to any conscience grounded in the fear of God may be imperceptible to an age which prefers convenience to integrity, and, so far as it forms moral judgments, adapts them to the degree of æsthetic disgust occasioned by the offence.

A people with such an outlook may clamour for freedom in the sense of liberty of self-expression, but this will not be an

impulse strong enough to resist the pressures of the modern world that are tending to crush out the liberty of mere individuality. After all, if the self when expressed calls forth no admiration, why should anyone care to preserve its freedom of expression? The liberty that rests on selfhood and self-assertiveness is doomed, and justly doomed. It may perish by petering out; it may perish by first destroying the social order which is necessary to it; it may perish through the uprising of a new generation determined to have done with its pettiness. The freedom which Mussolini wiped out in Italy was deeply corrupt; the freedom which Hitler obliterated in Germany was so incapable of fellowship that in the multitude of political parties always forming new combinations executive action was paralysed. Where freedom has no deeper root than the personalities of the citizens it will perish and justly perish. But where freedom is lost, much of what is best in life departs with it; and it can have a deeper root. Our own country learnt the principles of freedom in the State from the representative system of the Church, and the history of liberty with us has been almost continuous. Where freedom springs not only from the individuality of men, but from that independence which is an aspect of their conscious dependence upon God, there it will not perish because its foundation is superior to circumstance; nor will it deserve to perish, for it will always unite rather than divide and create not faction but true commonwealth.

In the period before us, faith and freedom must stand or fall together; for it is only faith in God that can make the world safe for freedom or freedom safe for the world.

## Microphone Miscellany

*Some extracts from recent broadcasts*

### Union Day Message

*Part of a special South African programme broadcast on May 31*

SURELY NOTHING COULD BE happier than that the Silver Jubilee of our King should coincide with the Jubilee of the Union of South Africa; and good it is that the South African Government has marked an occasion unique in history by the production of postage stamps which are at once a credit to the designer and will serve as an indelible record of an unforgettable era.

Twenty-five years ago South Africa very wisely decided to form herself into the Union of South Africa with General Botha as the first Prime Minister and, despite certain political differences of opinion which were neither unexpected nor unhealthy, the change has largely made for the welfare of the country as a whole. What more auspicious omen could one have than the presence at the celebrations of the Silver Jubilee of the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, whom I had the pleasure to meet on his arrival in London. The last time we had met was when he said good-bye to me on the platform of Pretoria at a moment when I was feeling very sad at having to bid farewell to South Africa. And though I then left in high hopes for the future of South Africa, no one could have foreseen the mighty change that would take place in less than four years' time in her political arena and in her unprecedented prosperity; only, of course, the element of surprise is always prevalent on your side of the ocean and the unexpected is constantly altering the existing situation.

The seven years during which I had the honour to serve South Africa went to convince me that her strength and her happiness will alike be stimulated by consigning to total oblivion any resentments of the past and by a steadfast will to confront the future as a united nation.

THE EARL OF ATHLONE

### Constitutional Position in the U.S.A.

*Broadcast on May 29*

YOU WOULD CERTAINLY BE surprised if our highest judicial tribunal were suddenly to declare Mr. Walter Elliot's Marketing Schemes, or some other major item in the Government's programme, to be unconstitutional, and so unlawful; and it would undoubtedly be very confusing. We take it for granted that Par-

liament can do whatever it wants to do: its power is supreme, and cannot be challenged unless there is some technical defect in procedure.

But the position is quite different in the United States. There, the Constitution is contained in a written document that is regarded as the fundamental law of the land, and the Courts will declare unlawful any legislation in conflict with that document. The Court can exercise this power on several grounds. The one which the Supreme Court has chosen as a ground of objection to the National Industrial Recovery Act—or N.R.A., as it is called—is that it cuts across the doctrine of the separation of powers. This doctrine requires that Congress, and no other body, shall make the laws; that the President, and no other body, shall execute them; and that the Courts of Law shall alone be responsible for judicial functions. The N.R.A. enabled President Roosevelt to approve a code of fair competition for any trade or industry, and, in doing so, to impose all kinds of controls relating to prices, wages, hours of work, and other vital matters. When the President had approved a code it became the standard of conduct to be observed by everyone in that line of business, with severe penalties for anyone violating it. Several hundred codes, covering practically the whole field of industry and trade, have been established under these provisions.

The Supreme Court at Washington has now, at one stroke, declared that Congress had no right to confer this code-making power on the President. And that the act is unconstitutional. This, undoubtedly, is a bombshell which undermines the whole fabric of the New Deal—and it makes it far more difficult for the Federal Government to embark on any future regulation of industry.

One of the main disadvantages arising out of the judicial review of legislation in the United States—this intervention by the Courts—is that no one knows, until a test case comes before the Courts, whether a particular Act of Congress will be upheld or rejected. An appeal against a prosecution or a civil suit of some kind has to come before the Court before it can express an opinion. The Recovery legislation, for example, has worked unchallenged for nearly two years—in fact, until last Monday. Then a case suddenly arises concerning a firm of poulterers charged with violating the poultry code, and a vast programme of political and economic reconstruction receives its death blow as an incident arising out of the sale of diseased fowls.

If you look into some of the most important decisions of the Supreme Court you will find that the Judges are not merely



applying strict rules of law, but are really deciding questions of high policy. And this makes it very difficult to know in advance what the Court will say about any piece of legislation. Chief Justice Hughes, who delivered the unanimous judgment of the Court on Monday, once said: 'We are under a Constitution, but the Constitution is what the Judges say it is'. He was not on the Bench when he made that remark.

The first part of the N.R.A., which contains the code-making provisions, was, in any case, due to expire on June 16 next, but Mr. Roosevelt was planning to replace it by further legislation of the same sort. He will obviously have to abandon his plans or seriously modify them, now that the Blue Eagle, the symbol of the Recovery Act, has been declared an unlawful bird of prey. There are various ways in which the objections made by the Court to the Recovery Act could be overcome. But none of them is really practical. An amendment of the Constitution is always theoretically possible, but it is so improbable that it need not be seriously considered. The fundamental problem the United States now has to face is how to make the central administration strong and effective in the teeth of a constitutional document which gives the Federal Government relatively little power. One other thing emerges. We can now see how absurd it has been to suggest that President Roosevelt is, in any sense of the word, a Dictator.

DR. W. A. ROBSON

## King George's Jubilee Trust

*Progress to the end of May*

WE HAVE JUST PASSED THE £800,000 mark. We are aiming at an income of £100,000 a year—either from interest on capital or from subscriptions; and by the time we have got that amount we shall know how to spend double. The money has come in every possible form of currency. Stamps—nearly a thousand pounds' worth; postal orders—five thousand pounds' worth; all sorts of coins—halfpennies, pennies, gold and silver pieces of Queen Victoria's Jubilee years, Elizabethan shillings, a Crown piece long cherished, dated 1819; a case of Maundy Money now fifty years old; as well as some of the old fourpenny pieces; currency of practically every country in the world, including ninety pounds' worth of Erse notes, and notes from Irak totalling twenty-seven pounds.

COMMANDER J. B. ADAMS

## Food Use and Abuse

AS A RULE IT is harmful to eat excessively of any one particular food. It makes too great a demand on the digestive processes concerned and leads to lack of balance from the crowding out of other foods. For example, sugar in moderation is almost indispensable, but the heavy sickly syrupy fluid which lies in the stomach of the chocolate and candy fiend irritates the delicate lining and sets up catarrh. It gives him a stomach cough and makes him liable to colds in the head, gastritis, flatulence, a sporty face and objectionable toxic odour. White flour is a good food for fuel, but when it forms the staple article of diet, as in many classes it does, its lack of Vitamin B, necessary for perfect digestion, begins to make itself felt. Then you should replace it almost entirely by vitamin-containing breads and cereals. In other walks of life where bread is scarcely eaten at all, a little white bread can't do any more harm than a little sugar. Its guardian vitamin is supplied from the rest of the diet. No matter whether your digestion is strong or weak, you are sure to harm yourself if you habitually eat much white flour without getting the Vitamin B supplied from other foods, or regale yourself with quantities of sweets.

Certain other abuses only become abuses if the individual's digestive powers are not up to their jobs. It is easy to realise that one should not eat more of any one particular food than one can digest, but there are such wide variations of digestive vigour in different persons that I cannot give any hard and fast law of quantity. Perhaps the best plan will be to run through the foods and name the penalties for excess so that each of you will know when he has transgressed. For example, after over-indulgence in vegetables and salads you may get the distension due to marsh gas formed from rotting vegetation. Or do you know the heavy muzzy-headedness, irritability and lack of interest and concentration which follow an injudicious use of meat? Or do you suffer from the liverishness and heartburn which come from too much rich food and an indigestible excess of fat? Or can you recognise the increasing obesity of lazy fat men and women who persist in

eating creamy, sugary, starchy foods, soups and sauces, because their appetites deceive them, and sympathising friends, comförtably but treacherously, suggest that their large frames need proper nourishment to sustain them?

Now I am going to finish with one last abuse: and that is to leave out the proper ritual of the meal. The busy modern cannot hope to remain healthy if the stomach is treated with discourtesy. Its muscles and its juices must be coaxed to function properly, cajoled a little and not browbeaten and bullied. I mean that there should be a short pause in the day's routine before the meal begins, the mind should be happily engaged and not preoccupied or harassed by business or domestic worries. The meal should go on in leisurely fashion; chew well; and when the meal is done, pause before the activities of the day are resumed.

Eat slowly; only men in rags  
And gluttons old in sin;  
Mistake themselves for carpet bags  
And tumble victuals in.

A DOCTOR

## Road Fellowship

I HAVE RECENTLY UNDERTAKEN the Chairmanship of the Road Fellowship of the National Safety First Association, whose excellent work I need not commend to you. That Fellowship was inspired by a speech by its patron, H.R.H. the Duke of York, when he said: 'Cultivate a safe and good fellowship on the road: we want more goodwill among the different types of road user—more attention to setting a good example—and to cultivate courtesy rather than to abuse the failings of the few'.

Cynics say that every motorist, every cyclist and every walker thinks only of his rights, and never of his or her responsibilities. I do not believe it. Let me, then, briefly outline my plan. In every district I want to form a strong group of reasonable motorists, also of reasonable cyclists and of pedestrians or other road users. I want the basis of each local Fellowship to be a loyal observance of the code—which is founded on the revised Highways Code; and I believe that by personal example, and by the wide display of the white triangle badge of the Fellowship, an inspiration will be given to others. Particularly, our one aim in the Fellowship would be to lessen the risks to children and to old people, who are the most frequent victims of accidents.

The success of the Fellowship depends on local energy and initiative in every district. Where local Safety First organisations already exist, I hope they will endeavour to form Road Fellowship groups. My appeal now is for leaders to get into touch with me; I hope I shall hear from large numbers of people all over the country who will be ready to form, lead, or join a team of local motorists, or cyclists, or pedestrians, or of any other road users.

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

## Wisdom from the East

MISSIONARIES STILL GO FROM Western lands to Eastern lands and from Older Churches to Younger Churches. But the time is soon coming when the East and South will send their missionaries to the West, not to teach perhaps, but to share some of the riches which Jesus has brought out from the ancient treasure houses of India and China. India, five centuries before Christ, sent her missionaries all over Asia with just a begging bowl in their hands, to preach the eight-fold path of Buddha. What cannot this India do when once she takes up Jesus seriously and shares him throughout the world: what treasures out of her great religious heritage will she not give to tired, war-threatened Europe—India, which has already partially discovered the Christian equivalent of war, might yet teach the nations to win each other by love!

Two years ago four Indian Christians came on a mission of fellowship to this country. One was a Bishop; one a woman teacher; one a student leader; and one a member of the ancient Syrian Christian Church, as it is called, believed to have been established in India by the Apostle St. Thomas himself. The weakness of the Syrian Church for centuries was that it was self-satisfied and self-contained, but today it is giving some of the most courageous and most able Christian leaders and missionaries to India.

The coming of these Indian Christians to the West, was a blessing and inspiration to many. This visit, and others like it, such as the coming of a man like T. Z. Koo of China, bringing a wealth of friendship and wisdom from the East, are an earnest of much that should happen in the future.

APPADURAI AARON



## Rod and Line

*Broadcast in the Scottish programme by a Loch Leven boatman*

YOU MAY HAVE READ about the big baskets of trout taken with rod and line from Loch Leven from time to time, and when I tell you that up to 40,000 trout are taken annually by anglers you may 'hae yer doots', but nevertheless this is the case, and I think it is a wonderful record for a loch barely 4,000 acres in extent. I don't mean to say that trout rise at all times—they do not. If conditions are against them, such as a blue sky and brilliant sunshine, they will not rise to the artificial fly, but a few may be got on the minnow trolling. The ideal conditions for Loch Leven are a steady and not too strong east wind, a low cloudy sky, and when they do come they take it properly. Baskets of fifty and sixty trout are not uncommon, and in conditions such as described the angler who hits on such a rise will remember it to his dying day.

Evening fishing is very good, as there is nearly always a rise just at sundown. Of course, the experienced angler knows he cannot catch trout unless conditions are suitable. There are exasperating occasions on some summer evenings when the white moth comes out, and trout can be seen in their thousands, feeding on this small insect, while nothing will induce them to look at the artificial fly. Suddenly a puff of wind may spring up and clear away the small white moths. This is the time to get trout, and reels can be heard skirling all over the loch. It is nothing for one boat to take from twenty to thirty fish in a very short time on an evening such as this. My best for an hour is forty-two. We meet anglers of varying types on Loch Leven, no two of whom are alike or hold the same views on this great sport. In the company of anglers who are good sports, who understand the art of fly fishing, and who can spin a good yarn, the time slips away all too soon.

I remember one hopelessly sunny day, when there wasn't much doing, I spotted a beautiful rise near the bow end. My gentleman saw it, too, and slung a magnificent cast right over the spot, and skirl went his reel. It was well angled for, and after playing it for nearly eight minutes he shouted, 'Get your net ready, boatman'. 'Righto, sir, bring him a little nearer', said I, but in the act of netting it, it disappeared. 'Hullo! what's happened, sir? Is he off?' There was no answer. He took his cigar from his mouth and flung it as far as he could, then flopped down in a heap on the seat, and told me to pour out a dram for him. What really happened was that as he was putting pressure on his rod to fetch the trout alongside the boat, his lighted cigar came in contact with his line, with the result that a good piece of line, a new cast, and a beautiful trout were lost. On another occasion (and what a lovely evening rise!) there were three rods going, and one continually fankling up with the other two, which meant at times that the whole three rods were out of action owing to the man in the bow. It was getting near the end of the rise, and the tempers of the centre and stern anglers were at fever heat. In came another beautiful fankle from the bow—about the fortieth, I should say—and by this time it was too dark to see to take it out, so I cut off his cast and shouted, 'Carry on, sir!' He did, unknowingly, and, would you believe it, got mixed up again as the centre rod hooked a trout, which unfortunately got away. We finished up with twenty-seven, and when the man in the bow wound up and discovered his cast gone, he swore it was his cast that the trout was on. Of course, I sided with him.

I think the hardest day's work I've had on Loch Leven was one day with a perch party. We caught between 700 and 800 perch, and we were simply wading among them in the boat. This, however, isn't by any means a record perch catch here.

Aye, it's a great life, a boatman's on Loch Leven—one day

nearly blown from the boat, another nearly roasted with the sun, and at other times drenched to the skin; but for all that I like my job. You see, there is so much to take up your attention that you never weary. On days when there is not much doing, many anglers like to lunch on the Castle Island, where stand the ruins of the Castle in which Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned, and from which she escaped one evening in May, 367 years ago.

ALEXANDER PRYDE

## Good Taste in the Garden

QUITE A LOT OF YOU have bought new houses, and are very keen on making a nice garden. Some of you send me a plan or sketch and ask me if I will lay it out, or just tell you the correct method of laying it out. Well, there's not a correct method. I don't think there's any need for you to think of fashions or about orthodox ways of laying-out or planning a garden. There are, of course, certain rules. In the first place, try to adapt your gardening scheme to the natural soil and conditions. You may be on a chalky soil, or a clay soil, or perhaps a sandy soil—you may be in a dry district or you may be in a damp one. It doesn't matter: nearly every garden can grow something well, and the art of gardening is to find out just what it will grow well, and then to adapt your ideas to it, rather than to try and force the garden to grow plants which are out of their element and quite unsuitable, and which can only end in failure. It's quite a good plan to take a walk round your neighbourhood and make a note of the various things that are growing nicely in that particular district.

When you are making a new garden, use your own ideas. If you can think of a

way that you would like to have it—say, two borders, one round each side, well, have it. If you fancy just one border, down the middle, with a few hedges with knobs carved on them on each side, or a sundial or something like that—well, it's your garden, why not have it? But even so, there are just a few certain rules of good taste which you must observe.

Now, particularly with front gardens, especially in suburban districts, it is really nice to study other people's feelings a little, and to make your garden look pretty. If you are going to plant trees in your garden, don't plant big ones which might overhang your neighbour's premises and be a nuisance to him, dropping leaves all over the washing, and that sort of thing. And don't in a little garden put in trees which have to be lopped and cut about to keep them within bounds. And then, naturally, you will keep down your weeds, so that the seeds don't blow about into other people's gardens. And you won't have a nasty smelly old rubbish heap right up against the fence somewhere, so that when folks are sitting out in the garden, flies get all over them. Nor will you make a bonfire near the fence so that the bits go flying about and smother the washing next door. That's what you must consider, or ought to consider: and then, as I say, carry out your own ideas.

C. H. MIDDLETON

## Polar Bears at the Zoo

DO YOU KNOW how the polar bears at the Zoo supplement their regular meals? They collect half-a-dozen pea-nuts—the pea-nuts thrown to them by visitors—and pile them up into a heap by the wall of their compound. Then they lie down and pretend to sleep, and presently one of the fine fat London pigeons flops down to take a pea-nut, wallop goes the bear's paw, the pigeon is smacked up against the wall—and the bear has an extra meal. Cunning rascals they are!

HOWARD MARSHALL



A good catch

Photo: 'The Scotsman'



## Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*

### Nationalities in the Danubian States

Dr. Fall's letter in your issue of May 29 lays itself open to effective answers point by point. For instance, if he himself refuses to include the Slovaks in the ruling majority in the present Czechoslovak State, or the Croats in the ruling majority in Yugoslavia, he can hardly demur to a description of pre-War Hungary which takes account of the Magyars in the Alföld without mentioning the Tseklers in Transylvania.

Again, in his catalogue of the non-Czech elements in Czechoslovakia, the 'Ruthenians, Russians, Ukrainians' appear to be three synonyms for the single 'Carpatho-Ukrainian' community which does, as a matter of fact, possess, in post-War Czechoslovakia, a measure of autonomy which it never enjoyed in pre-War Hungary.

In the third place, even on Dr. Fall's own figures (which I do not accept) a pre-War Hungarian 'National' State in which only 54.5 per cent. of the population were Magyars is not in much better case than a post-War Czech 'National' State in which only 51.15 per cent. of the population are Czechs.

I see no object, however, in inflicting upon your readers any more of these rather niggling details. I prefer to take up Dr. Fall's general thesis, which appears in his last sentence. 'The real enemy of peace', he writes, 'is the spirit which even today divides Central Europe into two camps—victors and vanquished'. This, I submit, is a superficial diagnosis. The real enemy of peace is surely the spirit of nationalism which afflicted Europe before the War, which produced the War itself, and which is now threatening to bring fresh wars upon us. This evil spirit has taken possession of all of us Europeans, whether we happen to be victors or vanquished or Czechs or Magyars. The present state of Central Europe, in which this spirit is manifested, seems profoundly unsatisfactory to me (as was surely obvious from my talk); but my grounds for dissatisfaction are not the same as Dr. Fall's. Dr. Fall regrets the downfall of pre-War Hungary; I regret that the national chauvinism which animated the ruling element in pre-War Hungary has been inherited, in large measure, by the 'Successor States'. So far from withdrawing my strictures upon the nationality policy of pre-War Hungary, I take this opportunity of reaffirming them and rubbing them in. The tragedy of Danubian Europe has been the failure of the Habsburg Monarchy to become a common home for a congeries of diverse peoples who are bound to live cheek by jowl and cannot live happily except in unison. As lately as a century ago, the Habsburg Monarchy had still, I believe, the possibility of becoming a second Switzerland on a vastly larger scale (and this was the age when Serb culture found a home in Hungary, as Dr. Fall mentions). This possibility, however, was ruled out by the fact that the peoples of the Habsburg Monarchy sold their souls to the disastrous service of nationalism, one after another; and the lead in this fatal movement was taken by the Magyar governing class in nineteenth-century Hungary. As early as 1848, the Magyar leaders were refusing to the non-Magyar nationalities of Hungary the rights that they were claiming for their own nationality; this intolerance was one of the main reasons for the failure of the Magyar insurrection of 1848-9 against the Habsburg Crown; yet the Magyars were so far from learning the lesson that, when they came into the saddle again in 1867, they resumed their policy of forcible Magyarisation and pursued it until they had involved themselves, as well as the rest of Europe, in the catastrophe of 1914-1918. Today, when top-dog and under-dog have changed position, the former victims of Magyar chauvinism have been showing themselves apt pupils of their ex-masters. And so the process of *karma* goes on working itself out. Nothing but a new spirit in all the peoples concerned will avail to unbind Ixion from his wheel of self-inflicted torment.

London, N.W. 8

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

### The Place of Modern Poetry

Mr. Gardiner says 'the work of Spender, Auden and Day Lewis . . . rarely, or never evokes the authentic thrill which the poetry of the past leads us to expect'. Mr. Gardiner will rarely or never get that thrill if his mind is dwelling on the poetry of the past. Let him remember that the Romantics were as new and mystifying to his ancestors, nurtured on Pope, as the modern poets are to him. He demands that the new poets shall write 'new folk-songs' in dancing or marching rhythms. The modern rhythms are more subtle and varied than the old, and he must train his ear to them; Spender has done what he demands (except for the conventional rhythm) in 'The Express'. There he has expressed the spirit of modern machinery, and the rhythm follows closely the actual movement of the train. I think this will be regarded by future generations as one of the 'key' poems of our age.

London, N.W. 6

DOROTHY HEWLETT

### The Stuff of Broadcast Drama?

Mrs. Goldie's article, 'At the Broadcast Play', together with letters in the same issue on 'The Place of Modern Poetry', lead one to wonder whether Eliot's 'Sweeney Agonistes', or choruses from 'The Rock', Auden's 'Charade' or his 'Dance of Death' would not be the best possible material we have for broadcast drama. Surely they would. And do not these poets about whom there is so much discussion suffer above all from being read with the eye only as we have most of us now taught ourselves to read—without hearing? Is this not perhaps a great hindrance to their understanding?

London, S.W. 7

ELINOR LORING

### Sex Relations Without Marriage

In the letter by Mr. R. S. Long published last week, there is an affirmation which I feel cannot be passed unchallenged. The writer states that the reasons why sex relations outside marriage develop into tragedies are sociological. While this statement is true up to a point, there will be many, like myself, who feel that the truth of the matter must be sought in consideration of the spiritual nature of man and his relation to the moral world. To those who would consider this further, I would suggest a re-reading of the talks, 'Man, the Great Paradox' and 'Man's Need of God' by the Rev. J. S. Whale, which were printed in THE LISTENER last autumn and are now published in book form. In these talks we are pointed to the reason more deep than the sociological.

Kilburn

A. A. PARSONS

Mr. R. S. Long accuses me of an obfuscating answer to a plain question because of my 'interpolation of the word God'. If I may adapt the words of Lacy in Wordsworth's 'Borderers', 'I have noticed that often, when the name of God is uttered, a sudden blankness overspreads the faces' of people to whom science is the whole of truth and light, and religion is a fog. But what rationality is there in demanding continuity and coherence where our physical life is concerned and accepting discontinuity and chaotic individualism of spiritual being? If we could dismiss Spinoza so we could Darwin. If we must despise the meaning of human fears so we must also of human hopes and desires. Man, as a unity, belongs to a spiritual as well as to a physical reality. How can man pursue his daily path without regard to truth apprehended physically and spiritually? We must consider the changing earth and we must consider God; apprehending, spiritually, truth in which is no variableness nor shadow of turning.

Oxford

E. LINDSAY

As Chairman of the Federation of Progressive Societies I have been asked to forward to you the following comment which the Council of the Federation wished to make on the talk by the Rev. Hugh Martin entitled 'The New Morality'. Mr. Martin



claims that motherhood is physically and mentally necessary if a woman is to have a healthy life. If that is so the Council wishes to ask whether traditional morality has proved to be the best method of providing women with this essential? Does it not, as a matter of fact, debar great numbers from motherhood? On the other hand, is it certain that motherhood is essential for woman's health? Professor Carr Saunders has pointed out, in his valuable book on *Population*, that all 'primitive' peoples seem to practise birth-control, and sociological studies of our own civilisation are now showing us to what desperate measures immense numbers of women will actually resort to avoid motherhood. It also seems extremely doubtful whether women who have been childless have of necessity suffered mentally and physically. To say so seems to be needlessly disturbing to many who are debarred from motherhood, and peculiarly rash on the part of a clergyman if he considers the achievement of childless women in the Christian Church.

As to 'the psychological problem of the fear of pregnancy', of which mention is made on page 689 of *THE LISTENER*, surely with a growing sense of responsibility among women no step can appear more grave to them than that of bringing fresh lives into the present acutely troubled world? Unemployment at home and the growing danger of an unprecedented war are sufficient reasons to make women (who have now been given full political responsibility with the vote, and also with scientific knowledge the power to choose the time for motherhood) feel that they must decide not merely on grounds of their own health but of the child's possible future, whether they will give birth. It was when his society was faced with a peril less immediate and less awful than that which confronts ours today that the Founder of Christianity quoted without disapproval—as indeed an obvious fact—the saying 'Blessed be the womb which never bare and the breasts which never gave suck'.

London, W.C.2

G. HEARD

### Salvation Outside the Church

Here is one of the most solemn conceivable questions for the human soul; yet from the confused explanations of Fathers Martindale and Lattey only two points seem to emerge with increasing clearness. (1) They cannot produce a single orthodox and representative theologian, until these last few generations, in favour of their view. To Father Lattey it is now quite clear that St. Paul taught this in Romans viii, 2 and 5; yet so far were the Popes and Councils and Expositors of the first eighteen Christian centuries from his opinion, that they were ready to burn men for holding it. Father Lattey's gospel-light dawned upon his Church only in the days of his grandfather; and he himself is lucky to live in an age and a country where 94½ per cent. of the population hold by nature his own laxer views, and the remaining 5½ per cent. are coming rapidly round.

(2) Fathers Martindale and Lattey not only avoid claiming public episcopal confirmation for their doctrine, but sneer at me for reminding them that, without such confirmation, the teaching of two priests is dogmatically valueless. Luther was a more conspicuous priest than either, when he published his famous propositions. The longer they argue the more clearly they will bring out the fact that each is relying on his own private judgment: unless, indeed, Father Martindale's trust is in Father Lattey, and Father Lattey's in Father Martindale.

Salzkammergut

G. G. COULTON

I am glad to learn that our roasting is only to be metaphorical, but the sorry jest still remains that Dr. Coulton is playing Grand Inquisitor without sufficient coaching in dogmatic theology and canon law, nor can I admit that he has reason on his side either. Surely it is commonsense, on the one hand, that not to believe and practise a religion which one knows to be true is a grave sin, and on the other hand, that anyone is excused from grave sin who labours under 'invincible ignorance' in the matter—i.e., ignorance not due to any fault of his own.

With regard to authentic documents, I am not quite clear whether Dr. Coulton reckons Pius IX among those who 'explain these things away in the hope of placating Protestants and Agnostics'. I quoted Pius IX's perfectly plain words, and since Dr. Coulton defies me to produce any but modern theologians, let me quote Cardinal de Lugo, S.J. (1583-1660), one of the greatest theologians of his time, in his treatise *De Virtute Fidei Divinae* ('On the Virtue of Divine Faith'), published originally at Lyons in 1676: disp. 12, sect. 3, No. 50. The other view to which he refers is that of Father Ripalda, S.J., who required even less for salvation:

Among those [i.e., who do not believe with the Catholic Church], there are some who, although they do not believe all the doctrines of the Catholic Church, yet acknowledge the one and true God: such are the Turks, and all the Muslims, and even the Jews. Others acknowledge even the Trinity, nay, even Christ: such are many heretics, for all of whom salvation and justification are not made easier on that other view than on ours. For either they are excused from the sin of infidelity and unbelief in regard of our faith, or they are not excused. If they are not excused, they cannot be saved on either view, so long as they do not embrace the Catholic faith. *But if they are excused on account of invincible ignorance, on both views they can be saved.* For being invincibly ignorant about some articles [i.e., of faith], and believing others, they are not formally heretics, but have supernatural faith, whereby they believe the true articles, and so from that faith can proceed acts of perfect contrition, whereby they can be justified and saved.

The italics are mine. De Lugo goes on to apply the same argument to Jews and Muslims, and (as a possibility in some cases) to the ancient philosophers.

Oxford

C. LATTEY

Cardinal Gasparri cites some six documents to justify the dogma 'Outside the Church no Salvation'. The first is an encyclical of the present Pope, which concludes with this sentence: 'Now no one is in the one Church unless he acknowledges and obediently accepts the power and authority of Peter and his legitimate successors'. The second is from the Fourth Lateran Council: 'There is only one universal Church and outside it none at all can be saved'. The third is from a *Decree for the Jacobites*, which lays it down that 'all who are not within the Church are to go into the eternal fire "prepared for the devil and his angels", unless before the close of their lives they shall have entered the Church'.

Father Martindale says that it is 'disingenuous' to quote this decree without at the same time mentioning the second part of Pius IX's *Allocution* (which incidentally contradicts the first part); for these documents, he says, are only the material from which the theologians 'extract' their doctrine—a phrase very pleasantly reminiscent of the *Provincial Letters*. If there is any 'disingenuousness' in the matter, it seems to me to lie rather with those who water down the harsher dogmas of their Church, and who carefully keep in the background such teaching as this of the Jesuit Cardinal Perrone, which found official favour in the Rome of Pius IX: 'It is certain with the certainty of faith that all Catholics who become Protestants are damned irretrievably for all eternity' (*Popular Catechism*, Chapter XV).

Which are we to accept as the authentic voice of Rome—the voice of Cardinal Gasparri, still breathing mediæval faggots; or the voice of any eloquent Honeythunder, accommodating the Church's dogmas for English-speaking audiences and leaving them with the impression that, as far as Rome is concerned, the 'everlasting bonfire' business is to all intents and purposes bogus?

Bournemouth

HAROLD BINNS

### Freedom and Good Manners

Referring to the Freedom series of talks and Sir Thomas Barlow's contribution 'Is State Intervention Desirable?', could it be accepted that the border-line between freedom and licence is good manners, and that State intervention is necessary only when good manners break down? Pursuing the matter further, is it not worth while for the Board of Education to consider good manners an examination subject earning rewards for schools and pupils? Proceeding further, are not international good manners equally important when dealing with the matter of international freedom?

Castletown, I.O.M.

W. A. WILLIAMS

### Between the Soot and the Whitewash

In one of your see-saw controversies you publish a letter from Mr. Joseph K. Hammond, in which he states that 'Humanity in the nature of things is an aristocracy, consisting of born rulers and born servants'—of which, he adds, school examinations afford proof. I happen to be an intelligent between soot and whitewash. Life is not made up of such easy black and white divisions as Mr. Hammond so naively implies. Keats preferred to call it a 'dome of many-coloured glass'.

Sheffield

VICTOR STREETER



## Books and Authors

# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## Our Future in the Air. By Brigadier-General

P. R. C. Groves. Harrap. 2s. 6d.

LAST WEEK, on the night of Monday, May 27, 1935, at a mass meeting at the Albert Hall, Mr. Baldwin said: 'What is it really that causes the fear in Europe? It is not the armies, it is not the navies, it is the air. . . .' And that this fear is justified in regard to the safety and welfare of his own country is precisely what General Groves has been trying to drive into the mind of the British public for seventeen years. His first effort, made officially, was in 1918. It was followed up by public appeals in the Press, notably in 1922 and from 1927 to 1929; by his book *Behind the Smoke Screen*, published in 1934; and now by this small work, *Our Future in the Air*, brought out in a form and at a price which should ensure its being as widely read as the transcendent importance of its subject demands.

General Groves has to a great extent been a voice crying in the wilderness. After recent developments, however, no one can say that he has not been right. He is no alarmist, but what he writes is calculated to cause disquiet not to be allayed entirely by the measures for air defence now hastily decided on and initiated by the Government. And in his book he refrains from the 'I told you so' attitude, which he might in the circumstances have with some excuse adopted.

His arguments are all the more convincing because they are based on facts—so far as facts are obtainable—and are set forth simply and moderately. He discusses aviation under its two spheres of civil and military utility; though, as explained in the Preface, it is not possible wholly to separate these two spheres, so much do they overlap. Some of the points which even in a brief review call for special reference are the 'implications' of air power (page 67), and the vulnerability to air attack of the home bases of our Fleet and of the home terminals (ports, harbours, docks) of the sea-borne commerce vital to our national life. Perhaps the outstanding conclusion to be drawn from the first half of the book is that, owing to the convertibility of commercial machines and to our quantitative weakness in civil aviation, we lack the resources for military expansion which other countries—notably Germany—possess. So far as the reviewer is aware, in no other publication has the subject of the development of aviation, both civil and military, by the Russians, and its commercial, political and strategic significance been so fully explained. After reading what General Groves records, doubts as to the real reasons for the German determination to attain air parity grow less. Neither the Russians nor the Germans—to say nothing of the French, Italians and Americans—have been as slow as we have been to appreciate the significance of air power.

This very valuable and opportune book should be read at once by every serious-minded Briton who desires to obtain some idea of what has been and is happening in the sphere of international force.

## Captain Kidd and his Skeleton Island

By Harold T. Wilkins. Cassell. 12s. 6d.

Captain Kidd and his hidden treasure have lately been in the news. Landowners on Oak Island, off the Nova Scotia coast, have been so pestered by seekers after treasure that the Provincial Legislature has had to intervene to declare a close season for gold-digging. Mr. Wilkins propounds a rival theory, and hints darkly about an expedition which he and his friends are preparing to an island in the Far Eastern seas. Although he admits that this island has no identity on Admiralty charts, he has complete faith in its existence. His conviction is based on the following 'discoveries'. A chest (accompanied by a pedigree which traced its ownership to Captain Kidd) came into the hands of a friend of Mr. Wilkins. 'One day someone fingering the chest, chanced to touch on a nail on its side, near the bottom. . . . A false bottom was revealed! And, lo, on the underside of the false bottom, a treasure chart of an island in a certain remote Far Eastern Sea'. Thereafter three other charts, and many more chests, began to fall into the hands of Mr. Wilkins and his friend. Every ancient mariner from every English port seems to have hastened to produce Kidd's chart and Kidd's chart, without enforcing too great a strain on Mr. Wilkins' credulity. And

presently the recovery expedition is to go forth; unless Mr. Wilkins discovers in time that this romantic plan, too, has a false bottom.

It is a pity that this book is marred by such romantic assessment of evidence; for its earlier chapters have much interest and merit. Kidd was hanged as a pirate; yet he had held the King's Commission as a privateer charged with exterminating the Madagascar pirates who harassed the East India ships. And there is no doubt that in this enterprise he was in partnership with eminent people in court and politics. Why he was 'double-crossed' and 'railroaded to the gallows' (in Mr. Wilkins' breezy idiom) by Lord Bellomont, the Governor of New York, is the mystery which this chronicle tries to unravel. It makes a case for Kidd. It assembles clear proof that evidence was suppressed and vital documents withheld; and it may be pretty near the mark in its conclusion that Kidd was to some extent the scapegoat in a delicate political situation. Yet Mr. Wilkins is too robust a Kiddite, and he glosses over much that is dubious in that shady career. When it sent Kidd to Execution Dock the law perhaps did little worse than ignore the elaborate documentary alibis which Kidd had procured for such an occasion. Mr. Wilkins has made an extensive search of papers in the Record Office and elsewhere, and he elucidates much about Kidd that has not hitherto been known; although he, like others before him, can tell us nothing about the 'dark years' of that chequered career. Although he has a discursive habit and an uncertain command of writing he gives a valuable and interesting account both of Kidd and of his times. But even a person who has never read Stevenson would never swallow Mr. Wilkins' charts.

## The Case for Manchoukuo

By George Bronson Rea. Appleton-Century. 15s.

Undaunted by the immense prestige of the Lytton Report, the author of this book boldly challenges its verdict and enters the lists as champion of the New Manchuria (Manchoukuo) and its powerful patron Japan. He has been well-advised in not assuming the pose of a neutral judge. He makes no secret of the fact that he represents the Manchurian State in America and that he is 'Counsellor to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to the Manchoukuo Government'. The very title of his book conveys a warning that strict impartiality is not to be looked for in its pages. Nevertheless, those who put the book aside unread on the ground that it is the work of a confessed advocate and partisan will be acting unwisely, for it contains much that needed to be said and will not easily be found elsewhere. Even if Mr. Rea writes as a partisan his case is soberly stated and he has taken pains to sift most of his facts.

He correctly points out that the terms 'Chinese Empire' and 'Emperor of China' were European, not Chinese—their equivalent in the Chinese language was never officially used—and that the empire ruled over by the Ta Ch'ing dynasty (and known in Chinese official language as *Ta Ch'ing Kuo*) was in reality not the Chinese but the Manchu Empire. This is not merely a matter of linguistic pedantry; it has a direct and important bearing on the problem of the status of Manchuria, which cannot fairly be said to have 'belonged' to China during the period of Manchu rule. Moreover, a right understanding of this question of terminology enables us to see how it was that the revolutionary leaders of 1912 were able to acquiesce in an Abdication Agreement which specifically allowed the deposed emperor to retain his imperial title. Had that title been 'Emperor of China' the republicans could hardly have been expected to agree to its retention. Thus the position of the emperor after the abdication was much less anomalous in Chinese eyes than it was in the eyes of foreigners, who did not understand the true significance of the imperial title—that it was dynastic, not territorial.

Mr. Rea points to the Chinese violation of the Abdication Pact as one of the factors that have led to the return of the Manchu emperor to the throne which was created by his ancestors in Manchuria during the first half of the seventeenth century. It is a factor which, curiously enough, was ignored by the Lytton commissioners, and Mr. Rea is fully justified in laying strong emphasis upon it. But he has himself fallen into a grievous error in his interpretation of the first Article of the Abdication Agreement, in spite of the fact that a correct translation of the whole



document is given by him in Appendix III of his own book. He appears to be under the impression that by the terms of that Article the emperor was confirmed in the position of 'ruler of the Manchus and of their homeland' (page 187), and that 'the Manchu emperor, the imperial clan, the princes and the banner-men, remained the owners of the soil of Manchuria' (page 162). This is a grave misapprehension of the meaning of the Article in question. It was never contemplated either by the Throne or by the republicans, when the Abdication Agreement was drawn up, that the emperor would continue, under that Article, to exercise imperial prerogatives over the Manchu race or over the soil of Manchuria. On the contrary, in return for the very considerable privileges guaranteed to the imperial House under the Agreement, the emperor formally renounced all political authority over the empire. Neither Manchuria nor any other part of the empire was left under his *de facto* or *de jure* sovereignty. The violation of the Agreement by the Chinese Republic no doubt released the Manchu House from their obligations under that pact, and left them free to work for the restoration of the monarchy in China or (if that proved impossible) in the ancestral land of the Ta Ch'ing dynasty; but it is gravely inaccurate to say that the Abdication Agreement had recognised the emperor as reigning sovereign of Manchuria and as owner of its soil. Mr. Rea would do well to seize the earliest available opportunity to correct this mistake, as it will otherwise put a weapon into the hands of his opponents which they will not hesitate to use.

### Carolingian Art. By Roger Hinks

Sicgwick and Jackson. 15s.

This handsome volume, with its twenty-four admirable plates, is the first in this language to be devoted to the subject of Carolingian art. The majority of the more monumental works produced during the ninth century A.D. have disappeared, a remarkable exception being the golden altar of Sant' Ambrogio in Milan. Mr. Hinks' concern is therefore mainly with the smaller portable objects, such as ivory carvings and illuminated manuscripts, that were produced in the Frankish monasteries during this period. Other scholars have considered the geographical distribution of the craftsmen of this time and have sought to distinguish the ivories and miniatures turned out at one centre from those of another; Mr. Hinks is interested in a wider aspect of the problems involved. Indeed almost the whole of the first half of the book is scarcely concerned directly with Carolingian art at all. Headed 'The Origins of Medieval Art in Western Europe', it starts by dealing in detail with the art of the Roman Empire, and since it is only within comparatively recent years that this subject has been seriously treated as being anything but a bastard branch of classical Greek art, it is obvious that this section is of the utmost importance, particularly as the works produced under the ægis of Charlemagne cannot possibly be understood without a preliminary study of their precursors. The contribution of the Near East is neither negligible nor here neglected, and in this connection Mr. Hinks' discussion of the sixth-century ivory throne at Ravenna is of unusual interest; his considered opinion is that it was made neither in Syria nor at Alexandria, but that the eclecticism of the decorative motives points to a Byzantine origin. In the ensuing discussion as to the beginnings of Christian art Mr. Hinks displays a pretty wit. 'There never was a uniform Christian style at any period; from the moment that Christianity ceased to be a Palestinian sect, it learned to speak the language of its converts. The meaning of Pentecost seems to have escaped the majority of Christian archaeologists'. Finally, for the true appreciation of Carolingian art, there remains the consideration of 'Nordic art, whether Scythian, Celtic or Germanic', and with his interesting discussion of its contribution Mr. Hinks is ready to start on the main subject of his work.

It is impossible within this brief space to go into his arguments in detail; all that can here be said is that nobody who is interested in the fascinating subject of early Christian art can afford to neglect this valuable book. It is pleasant to find that Mr. Hinks is prepared to accept the bronze equestrian figure in the Musée Carnavalet as a ninth-century work and quite possibly a portrait of Charlemagne. With regard to the ivories and manuscripts he says himself: 'The possibility that the artists were imported from Rome or Byzantium can be dismissed . . . In spite of an obvious classical education, the artists of Carolingian miniatures and carvings all have a pronounced German accent', and he beautifully proves his case.

### An Infant in Arms. By Graham Greenwell Lovat Dickson. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Greenwell would have been better advised not to have written a preface to his book. *An Infant in Arms* is the collection of his war letters written to his mother from 1914, when he was eighteen years old, to 1918. He describes himself as an average young man—'a normal schoolboy' is the term he uses—and the letters themselves are not therefore disappointing. They are quite graphic, without being imaginative; they are unaffected and 'decent'; and though having no particular claim to literary or other distinction they make a connected and straightforward account of his war experience. This experience was also what one might call average, neither much worse nor much better than that which befell thousands of other infantry officers and men in the trenches. The death and destruction; the stench of unburied corpses; the shelling and the mines; the filth and degradation and discomfort, with the all-too-short respites behind for recuperation and replacement—it is all here, the average experience. Indeed Mr. Greenwell's main claim to distinction might be said to be that he was one of the lucky ones who happened to survive it all practically unscathed. But what has he brought back? For having given us this grim account, he adds a final letter—if one may so term his short preface; a letter written twenty years later, when he is no longer an 'infant', in which he says:—

The horrors of the Great War and the miseries of those who were called upon to take part in it have been described by innumerable writers. For my own part I have to confess that I look back on the years 1914-1918 as among the happiest I have ever spent. That they contained moments of boredom and depression, of sorrow for the loss of friends and of alarm for my personal safety is indeed true enough. But to be perfectly fit, to live among pleasant companions, to have responsibility and a clearly defined job—these are great compensations when one is very young.

The remark is as ill-judged as it is ill-timed, and creates nothing but bewilderment in the mind of the reader as he looks at the dismal record that follows and the photographs of mud and ruin that illustrate it. . . . The happiest years I have ever spent . . . What can it mean? It lies undigested at the back of the mind, and as one reads on and on, of the death of Mr. Greenwell's best friends, and of the gradual destruction of his command, the small voice repeats its remarkable words: . . . 'They were the happiest years I have ever spent'.

Well, whatever its author's intention, the book, as has already been indicated, certainly does not communicate this 'happiness' to the reader, who will, one hopes, however young he may be, prefer to find physical fitness in other ways, and make pleasant companions under conditions in which they will not be so rapidly lost to him again, and who will consider Mr. Greenwell's other compensations somewhat insubstantial when set against the spectacle of human suffering.

### A Background for Domenico Scarlatti

By Sacheverell Sitwell. Faber. 5s.

So little is known of the life and person of Domenico Scarlatti, 'the one old Italian master whose works are still a part of the public pleasure', that the only possible substitute for a biography and portrait was what Mr. Sitwell has given us: a 'background', a description of the world in which he moved and of the musical circumstances of his time. The story begins at Naples, where he was born; a city that was, as it is now, a 'kingdom of music', every street ringing with songs and the strains of fiddles, harps and guitars. It carries us to Venice, where Scarlatti went in 1708, at the age of twenty-three; to Rome, where he lived from 1709 to 1719; for a moment to London, where he stayed a while in 1719; to Portugal; and to Spain, where he spent twenty-five years as virtuoso to the Infanta Barbara, princess of the Asturias. All this is most skilfully told. Whether Mr. Sitwell sums up, after Dr. Burney, the aspect of old Naples and of the school at which the Castrati singers (most of them produced in Apulia) were trained; or whether he outlines the picture of the Spanish court at the time of Scarlatti's service there—the court at which the famous castrato singer Farinelli, summoned at one time to cure by his art the melancholia of King Felipe, acted as unofficial Prime Minister, receiving a princely salary and honoured with one of the highest orders of Spanish chivalry—in vivid strokes, his pen conjures up live visions and sets the 'background' to perfection. Not only the final chapter, but at every turning, apposite sentences and paragraphs testify to a genuine love for, and a clear comprehension of, Scarlatti's music, placing and defining it with unflinching accuracy.



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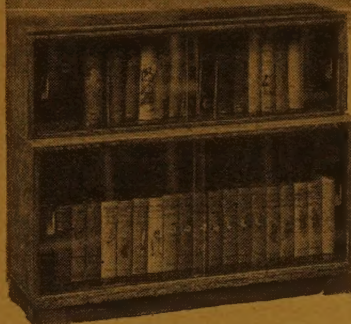
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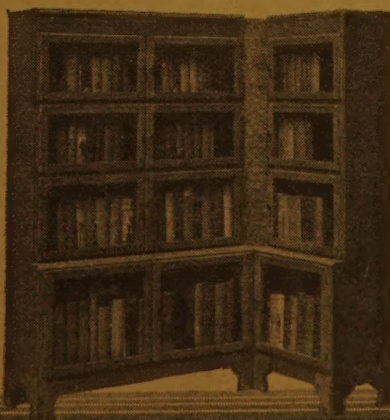
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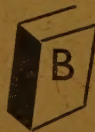
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# Mr. Beverley Baxter and Fleet Street

Strange Street. By A. Beverley Baxter. Hutchinson. 18s.

Reviewed by R. D. BLUMENFELD, late Editor of the 'Daily Express'

I WAS musing in my editorial office one morning ten or twelve years ago when Mr. Arthur Beverley Baxter, the most recent editor of the *Sunday Express*, came in to introduce his mother who had just arrived from Canada on a visit.

She was a handsome, alert, highly intelligent woman, justly proud of her son's rapid advancement from the dimness of obscurity to the glare of authority in Fleet Street.

Mrs. Baxter looked at me appraisingly. Then, after a few polite exchanges, she said:

'I'm surprised to see that you are not as old as I thought you would be. You don't look as if you ought to retire'.

'Thank you', I said, 'but I hadn't thought of retiring'.

'Oh! I must have been misinformed. Arthur said you would be going soon and that he would succeed you as Editor-in-Chief of the *Daily Express*'.

That little conversation led me to the thought of easing off in the irksome task with which I had encumbered myself for over a quarter of a century. The thought in time became a reality. I retired half-a-dozen years later and Mr. Arthur Beverley Baxter made good his suggestion by becoming Editor-in-Chief.

This is by the way of introducing the hero of *Strange Street*, the autobiography of the strangest, quickly come and go, most fascinating journalistic buccaneer whom it has been my privilege, and pleasure, to encounter in a career that has abounded with strange personalities.

The conversation between adoring mother and devoted son proves again that if you desire anything fervidly—want it, so to speak, eagerly enough—you will achieve the end somehow. I know this from personal experience. When I was a boy of eight I set my heart on becoming Editor of the *New York Herald*. The goal was a million years away, beset with obstacles, pitfalls and mountainous disasters. Yet, desiring earnestly, without reservation or evasion, I reached my coveted goal when I was barely twenty-four.

So, too, in the case of young Baxter. Here comes a Canadian youth, trained to chorals, to tonic-sol-fas, to concert platform itineraries, to piano vending, pitchforked into a war thousands of miles from the centre of his world, which happens to be Toronto, meets Lord Beaverbrook around whose enigmatic personality every Canadian youth has woven a web of romance, impresses that virtuoso of material and spiritual wizardry, gets a 'job' on the *Express*, and armed with a combination bludgeon of native wit, undoubted talent, astonishing naivety, and a completely uncultivated field of world experience, begins a career which sets at defiance all the rules of the game as most of us have known it.

He has no sooner gained a perspective of his new environment than his restless ambition eggs him on higher. No intermediate resting-place for him. He wants the big strawberry at the top of the basket—mine for the time being—and in the end he gets it.

This fast-moving human engine is fated to go strawberry picking all his life. The *Daily Express* strawberry, the luscious, highly remunerative, much desired competitive fruit, no longer tempts him, so he reaches out to pluck a larger, more seemingly juicy one from the Cinema basket. He reaches out for the Parliamentary strawberry plate and there at the top is a large, beautiful berry in the form of a safe seat. Baxter will get it.

What next? There are obstacles, of course, but he will take them in his stride. He is ingenuous enough to believe that his next step will probably be an honour, a seat on the Front Bench, a Privy Councillorship, a peerage. Why not? if you want a thing badly enough—and Baxter may want these things. Besides he is honest enough to say so if his desires lie in that direction.

Now as to the book *Strange Street*, which is really not so much about Fleet Street as it is about Baxter, as it should be, since it is an autobiography coupled with a tentative life of Lord Beaverbrook. Nor is it to be expected. The book from beginning to end is as unconventional as the author himself.

He came into Fleet Street completely ignorant of the rules. He scoffed at them. 'I make my own', he appears to have said, and, strange to say, he carried it through. For instance, for the purpose of a proper carrying out of the mechanics of reporting and sub-editing, I had in the course of years compiled a list of

'Do's and Dont's' for the guidance and good conduct of the editorial staff. They were always rigidly observed. Certain words and phrases were barred; certain forms of construction tabooed. In time these rules came generally into use in newspaper offices.

Along comes our friend Baxter, fresh, vivid, energetic, with no time to look at the Rules. 'What for?' he seems to say. 'All this stuff is archaic. I prefer to express myself individualistically. Let's not stand still'.

Bang go the Rules.

Now here we come to the point where Baxter shows his innate worth, born at last of experience. He begins, gradually, to see that without rules of some sort something like chaos will step in and so he slides as easily into the line of discipline as dictated by Rules as he violently kicked them over in the first place. I must say this in fairness, that if he had known they were my Rules he would have set himself to study and apply them without question.

This young man came in a complete novice, untrained and undisciplined. When he went out to become what is euphōnically called a Public Relations Director, he was a fully equipped and highly efficient editor.

This means something. There are Editors and Editors. Some of them are Heaven-sent; some are there by what is called a concatenation of circumstances. Baxter was something 'twixt and between. He is certainly gifted with an astonishing flair for doing the unusual in an unusual way; never unkind; never vicious, always dramatic and always surprising. If he had stayed on in Fleet Street he would in time have become the most formidable editorial figure in England, for he would presently have come to see himself even more clearly than now.

This is astonishing too, for I always imagined that it would require a lifetime of experience to be able to sit safely in the editorial chair of a great national newspaper. Baxter began by impressing Lord Beaverbrook with his abysmal ignorance. They were talking about Mesopotamia (which for Baxter must have been far away) and oil and the Shell Company. Baxter, a gallant soldier, used to high explosives in four years of war, said naively:

'I don't see the relation of oil wells and making shells'.

An angry vein swelled on his (Beaverbrook's) forehead. His face went black and he hurled the papers at me.

'Get out', he roared. 'Take these things and get out'.

Baxter, in despair, called on a friend and related his trouble with his new chief. The friend said 'Don't you know what the Shell Company is?'

The next day the future editor called on Lord Beaverbrook to apologise and to say that he had never heard of the Shell Oil Company before. He was forgiven and sent back to duty.

I do not know to whom to award the greatest praise in this incident, Baxter for his candour and innocence or Beaverbrook for his quality of forgiveness. I am afraid I should have shipped Mr. Baxter back to Canada. If that had been the case we would not have, for one thing, this fascinating book. Of course Baxter would have done something else, and by now there would probably have been a volume on how he revolutionised Canadian life or made Ottawa the capital of the Empire. Certainly his hunt for the big strawberry would not have been checked.

One must read *Strange Street* not so much as a picture of Fleet Street, but as a revelation of a man's character. The volume abounds with brilliantly written stories of people told by a man whose virgin mind collected impressions more vividly than would be the case with case-hardened old-timers like ourselves.

Baxter dramatises everything, including himself. The whole world is a moving stage full of colour, joy, playfulness and surprises. Even tragedy has its attractive side.

The best part of Baxter's kindly honesty is that it is transparently so and that he can make points against himself, but the point must always be decorative.

He came into Fleet Street at a busy, world-changing time and he ends his book thus—

*I have seen it all and been part of it all.*

Just as if he had retired into cloistered seclusion. Which, of course, is not so.



## New Novels

*I Lie Alone.* By R. G. Goodyear. Boriswood. 7s. 6d. *Wilderness.* By Derrick Leon. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. *The Seven Arms.* By L. A. G. Strong. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

THE first two novels in this list are realistic in a manner which seems to be growing outmoded. The technique of realism is firmly enough established in contemporary fiction, but it is generally applied to special themes about which the public wish to know something, such as the lives of the very rich or the very poor. It is used not merely as a literary technique, but to provide information about a variety of things: big hotels, transatlantic liners, painters' studios, scientists' laboratories, back courts, doss houses; and when it deals with the poorer sections of society it is generally propagandist. *I Lie Alone* and *Wilderness* are realistic in quite a different way. They deal with what I can only call ordinary experience (which is very rarely described in novels), and the excitement they produce is simply the excitement of the ordinary. The characters in *I Lie Alone* are all poor, the characters in *Wilderness* comfortably off; but this has nothing essentially to do with the quality of the two stories: the first has actually far more colour than the second, though it deals with a subject which is generally treated drably. The real reason for this is that Mr. R. G. Goodyear is more in the Flaubert tradition of realism and Mr. Leon more in the Arnold Bennett. Mr. Goodyear has a very rich visual sense, and Mr. Leon has hardly any, though he makes up for that in other ways. But they have both a true feeling for the ordinary and an inexhaustible interest in it, and this, since the ordinary is so often ignored in books, makes them well worth reading.

*I Lie Alone* is a character portrait in great detail of a middle-aged, unmarried, good-natured, fat, rather stupid woman, whose fortunes decline from comparative comfort to increasing hardship, until she dies at last in the infirmary. Put like this, the plot sounds like one of those neat little depressing theses for a realistic novel which were fashionable thirty years ago. Actually the book is not at all like that. A quotation will give an idea of its quality. Lyddie takes her nephew Ronnie to the pub and nips into the bar, leaving him in the back parlour with old Grannie Lott:

She was gone a long time. The old woman's mouth worked as if she were chewing. She hadn't got any lips. A tall, turreted clock stood on the mantelpiece, which was draped with brown roman satin with a balled fringe. On the table by the window stood a red and grey parrot in a cage. It opened and shut its wrinkled eyelids over dull black eyes. 'Mine's a bitter', it said sleepily. Ronnie was nervously conscious of the old woman's unwavering gaze. Whenever he looked at her she was looking at him and he looked away. The clock had a nervous, hesitating tick, and totted up the minutes erratically. Sometimes it paused and seemed to lose count and then try to make up by hurrying. Presently it struck the half-hour with a surprising, sweet chime. A smell of cloves came from a tight bunch of pinks on the table.

There is not only the most exact observation in this passage—how well we know that clock!—but a genuine delight in the colours and sounds and scents of things, a feeling of beauty. The materials which Mr. Goodyear deals with are the humblest he could have chosen: stupid parochial existences, dark kitchens, stuffy parlours; but his positive sense of beauty is so strong that they seem packed with life. The characters have the same vitality. Even poor Lyddie herself, in spite of her ridiculous and ignominious vicissitudes and her wretched end, appeals to us as much by her abundant uncritical humanity as by her misfortunes. She is stupid, kindly, indulgent, superstitious, and inordinately fond of food and drink; but Mr. Goodyear has made her a touching and even impressive figure, an enthralling human being. The end of the book, with its elaborate cynicism, is less satisfactory than the rest; for the imagination that created Lyddie is not in the least cynical. This is a really remarkable first novel.

Compared with *I Lie Alone*, *Wilderness* is extraordinarily indeterminate. Mr. Leon seems to be unable to describe things, and when he tries to do so the result is generally something like this:

Too excited to sleep, she had moved into the corridor long before morning, and stood looking out of the windows at the fields and woods which, in the light of early morning, were tinged with the pearly aura of a dream.

That gives a good idea of Mr. Leon's vagueness of visual observation, and of the inertness of his use of language. This verbal deadness is the worst fault in the book, and is shown

very clearly in a sentence near the beginning, describing Enid Lawrence's feelings while she waits in a room for one of her friends:

It was as if something of the quality woven through the arguments in which she had taken part, the same striving after beauty and freedom, had become inherent in the atmosphere of the room itself, and lingered on when question and answer could be regained no longer.

That very clearly defines an atmosphere, but without evoking it; theoretically it should give us the feel of the room, but actually it does not; and that is because, except for its intellectual content, the language is dead, leaving the 'beauty and freedom' with that vague and forlorn look which they generally have when they are referred to as abstractions. One feels that to Mr. Leon they are actually abstractions, for only a writer to whom they are abstractions would acknowledge their existence in such distant terms. On the other hand, Mr. Leon has an unusually clear and complete apprehension of the passions, and it is with the passion of love that he is concerned in this book. He does not convey the glow, the 'pearly aura' of love, to use his own words; his style, sometimes admirable in exposition, but quite without evocative power, is itself enough to prevent that; but he does describe its workings with the utmost honesty and sometimes with impressive skill. His theme is the unhappy passion of a young and inexperienced girl for a married man who first accepts her adoration and then grows tired of it. The 'birth, development and final extinction' (to quote the dust cover) of this infatuation are described with a real logical grasp of the factors that give rise to it and bring about its end; the author's imagination is never deflected from the main problem and never tries to hurry its solution; and the result is a story which runs on the severe lines of tragedy without producing the full effect of tragedy. There are moving scenes in the book between Enid and Kenneth; they move one though one can envisage neither of the lovers in spite of the many times they are described. Enid's moods in particular are analysed with fine discrimination. If Mr. Leon had a visual power equal to his analytical and dramatic power, and a style that could express it, he would be a remarkable writer. As it is, he shows in this novel unusual understanding of the workings of passion and a capacity for logical development of a theme which is even more rare.

There is such an even distribution of good and bad qualities in Mr. Strong's latest novel, *The Seven Arms*, such a blowing hot and cold, that, in spite of many fine scenes, the effect is disappointingly moderate. For whole passages Mr. Strong writes brilliantly; then he seems to lose all conviction of the truth of what he is saying. There are several scenes of violence and horror in the story, but these, too, are partly good and partly bad, some of them vividly described and some dealt with in the most perfunctory way. The style rises and sinks with these fluctuations, and is sometimes curiously threadbare:

That was what disarmed resentment, to see Hugh's joy when the people came to his house, to feel the clasp of his great hand, and hear his deep voice bidding you welcome. The most stubborn felt themselves engulfed in the warm personality of the man: they could not stand out against him.

The scene of the story is the Scottish Highlands about a century ago. The main characters are two twin sisters, Jeanie and Ellen McInnes, who are driven by rivalry, conscious on Jeanie's part, unconscious on Ellen's, to injure each other all their lives. They die as old women within a few hours of each other. Their childhood is beautifully described, and the first sixty pages are probably the best in the book. Jeanie follows her uncle Hugh to the Napoleonic wars, and returns to her Highland home discontented and hardened. Ellen, who is quiet and passive, withdraws more and more within herself. The pages describing Ian's courtship of Jeanie show how good Mr. Strong can be at his best. But in this book he loses all his advantages by a recurrent process of dissipation.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *God's in His Heaven*, by J. L. Hodson (Gollancz); *The Wealthy Beggar*, by Madelon H. Lulofs (Cassell)—both at 7s. 6d.; also *Twenty Thousand Streets under the Sky*, by Patrick Hamilton (Constable), and *Time out of Mind*, by Rachel Field (Macmillan)—both at 8s. 6d.